



From

Henry Dowson

President of Baptist College

Chamber Hall

July 1867



# A, Memoir

OF

## MR. JOSEPH HARBOTTLE,

BAPTIST MINISTER, ACCRINGTON,

(With Selections from his Literary Remains,)

BY

## THE REV. THOMAS TAYLOR,

OF TOTTLEBANK.

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WITH PREFACE BY

## THE REV. JOSEPH ANGUS, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF "BIBLE HANDBOOK," ETC.

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## P R E F A C E.

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It is now upwards of thirty years ago since I spent three or four months one summer in Accrington, and studied Hebrew with Mr. Harbottle. We were related. The different branches of our family had been long bound together by common religious feelings, and by a strong clannish affection. Traditions lingered in our northern home of visits paid to the far-distant regions of Cumberland; and the younger members of our families heard and read of Tottlebank and Accrington as at the very ends of the earth. Once or twice members of the Harbottle family visited us in the north, and left behind fragrant memories of simplicity, affection, and faith. I was then a mere lad of fourteen; grave and thoughtful beyond my years, with a taste for study, and especially for religious inquiry and discussion. Owing to these circumstances, Mr. Harbottle admitted me to a degree of intimacy which surprised me at the time, and which I have valued ever since.

I had two fellow-students; the one was Mr. Harbottle's nephew, Thomas Harbottle, a man of most loving spirit and of heavenly temper; the other was a youth of great promise. The fellow-students of that day have long since gone home; and now their teacher has followed them: but they live in the memory with a distinctness and sweetness which more recent blessings fail to weaken, much less to efface.

When I reached Accrington, at that time a pretty rural village, I found that lodgings had been provided for me in a small family. My work and my acquaintance with his character at once began. I found that all the people in the place spoke of him with reverence. Some praised his conscientiousness; others were won by his simplicity; a third class found in him a faithful, tender friend; and some smiled with evident interest at what seemed his odd ways. After I had attended a few classes, I understood and sympathised with all these admirers. He lived alone, in a house which it was understood he had purchased; and we went to him every day. He received us always with a gentle smile, spoke with a tender, wistful look, illustrated what he had to say with a quaint anecdote, or now and then by a classic quotation; and amused us all

by what we saw of his home-plans. The drowsy fire, half-choked with ashes; the high-backed Lancashire rocking-chair; the supposed "discommodity of that single housekeeping," as Bishop Hall would have called it; the mystery that shrouded his domestic life; all had a quiet, awe-inspiring charm which it was impossible not to feel. In the lesson, however, and still more in talk on themes connected with his work, all was changed. The jots and tittles of the verb were rigorously demanded. Roots had to be dug for, and carefully presented. Nor was anything suffered to escape exposition which it was possible to explain. The fire slept, and the chair barely moved; but eye, and lip, and mind were all alive! No man understood better how essential thoroughness is to scholarship, nor was ever any man more rigid in enforcing it.

We had, of course, our recreations. He had a wonderful telescope; and Jupiter's moons or Saturn's rings twinkled or shone for our amusement. Sometimes a microscope threw light on the progress of the tadpole into the frog. Several times we walked through green fields and over blee-berry summits to special services or week-night preaching, where he poured out his heart with unction and



power. And, when the weather was wet, had we not some favourite passage from Foster's Missionary Sermon, or some poem of his own, recited with great freshness and feeling? Failing these, were there not his books, which he had annotated and bound with his own hand ; and many of which had interest of their own for a bookish youth? Were there not, above all, the *sortes Harbottleianæ*, in virtue of which we were challenged to open the Hebrew Bible anywhere—in Job or Hosea, even—and to find any verse which he should fail to translate? The deep craft of this arrangement was in the end revealed ; for, as soon as we could read the Hebrew intelligently, he ceased to show off his power of rendering it into English. But it was very pleasant amusement at the time.

Even to a boyish eye, there appeared other qualities of a higher kind. On Saturday evening, as the Sabbath drew on, the uncle and the nephew used to meet for an hour or two, and I was permitted to join their gathering. The uncle ran over the chief thoughts of his morning or evening sermon ; his eyes closed, and his chair rocking with unwonted quickness, and the tongue speaking with all the earnestness of one who felt the truth. Now and then, though rarely, the nephew ran over his ;

and the meeting ended with prayer, offered by both uncle and nephew, for a special blessing on the work of the coming day. The fervent, reverent utterances of the uncle, and the tender wrestlings of the nephew, I shall never forget.

One day, I remember, a blind man, a member of the church, called by appointment on the pastor. He had recently been made organist of a church in the neighbourhood, where it was thought the gospel was not preached. The office was one of great importance to him ; and I remember hearing the question discussed whether he might not keep it. What took place at the interview we never knew ; but the blind man said to us, as he left the house, weeping like a child, " I must give it up ; I cannot keep it. I dare not violate my conscience, or offend God ! "

There were probably troublers in the churches in those days. I think I heard, years afterwards, that Mr. Harbottle had to encounter such difficulties as Paul encountered in Galatia and at Corinth. But, though most he said stamped itself on my memory, I cannot recollect a single remark of his in depreciation of any member of the church. Of the excellencies of several—the Lings and the Berrys—I did hear. He had, in truth, a wonderful

power of saying nothing about people, unless he could say what was good. Now and then, a talkative and less charitable member would "hint a fault and hesitate dislike." And how often have I heard him take off the edge by a gentle reminder of some good quality in the offender, or by some quiet excuse. And yet, if sin was to be rebuked, or conscience quickened, no man could be more faithful or more tender.

Of the thoughts of his preaching, or of its literary qualities, I have only a very faint recollection ; but the impression of its general tone is very distinct. It was largely scriptural, reverent, and earnest ; it aimed at conversion, with an intensity of feeling that was not quite adequately supported by the skill, or beauty, or impressiveness of the composition ; but which largely made up by its goodness for such imperfections. Many, in those days, were led to decision by it ; and many plain Christian people gathered from it comfort and strength.

It illustrates the moral qualities of the man to add, that, while he gave many hours each week to tuition, he never took, in those days, so far as I know, a farthing for it. It was with him, like many other of his works, a work of love.

With all the excellencies which these brief notes imply, and which will be found set forth at length in the following pages, Mr. Harbottle did not gain the position to which his piety and ability entitled him. The truth is, he had all the merit and some of the deficiencies of a self-trained man. He preserved his simplicity. He gained in energy and self-reliance. But his knowledge was often fragmentary and curious, not always comprehensive or well-proportioned. He sometimes estimated things according to the labour they had cost him, not according to their intrinsic value. Above all, his natural timidity was confirmed; and he failed to gain that quickness of insight and of utterance which are so essential in one who has to take part in public movements. With mental and spiritual endowments that might have fitted him for the highest place as a tutor or a preacher, he came short of it chiefly for want of that thorough training in youth, and that free intercourse with men, which, next to the grace of God, qualify the minister for public life. When, however, we take into account the risks of such a training, and remember how much more divine is simple piety and devoted conscientiousness than a bold and glib officialism, we acquiesce in the Wisdom that guided his destiny;

and, remembering him as he was, thank God that he lived. We magnify the grace of God in him, and point to his labours as specimens of a style of ministry with which God has long honoured our churches, and which we trust he will never suffer to become extinct.

These remarks have taken necessarily a somewhat egotistical form. My personal knowledge of the subject of this memoir is the only reason why I should presume to introduce the volume. My experience is typical: what I saw and felt others have seen and felt also; and I can best describe what others have seen and felt by describing what I saw and felt myself. Of the memoir I need say nothing. I have read it with much interest; and there are many still amongst us who can confirm all its praise.

JOSEPH ANGUS.

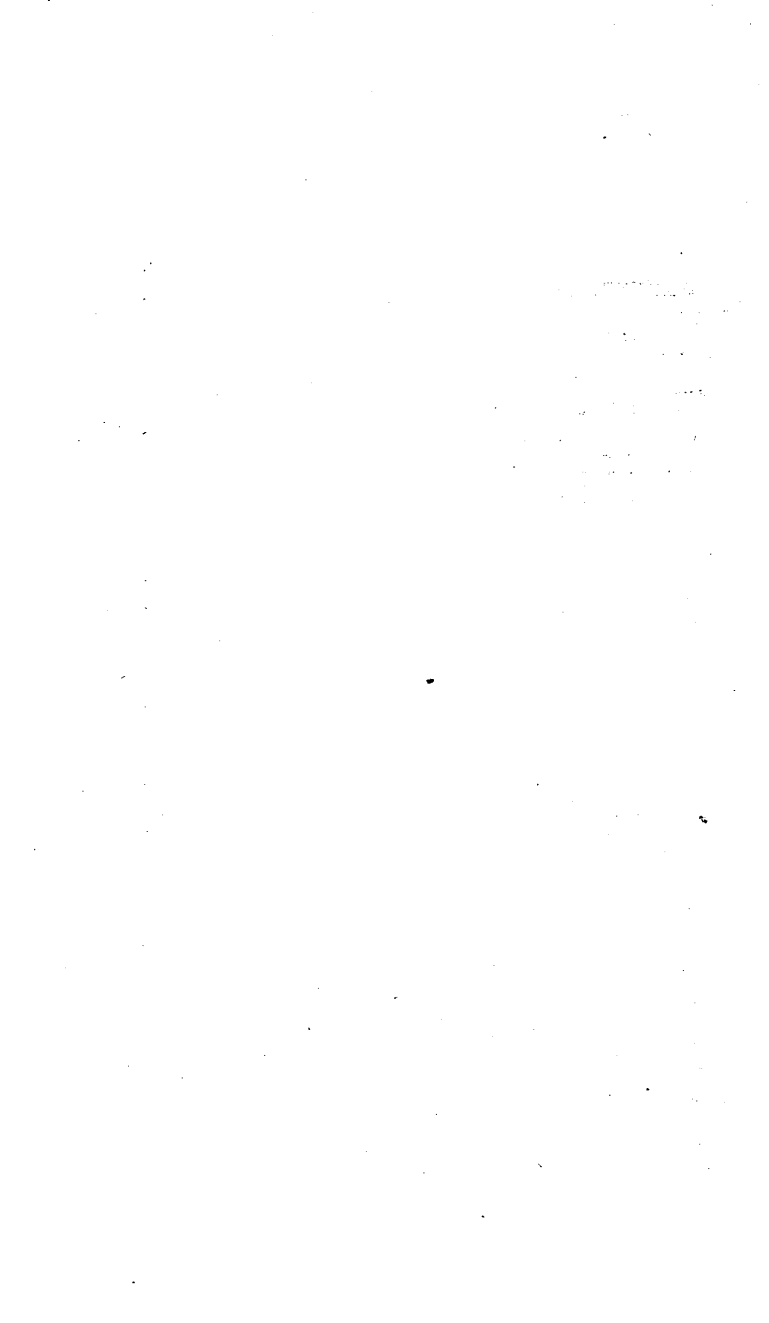
COLLEGE, REGENT'S PARK,

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# MEMOIR.



## CHAPTER I.

“**B**IOGRAPHY,” writes the late Dr. Hamilton, “is a feeble struggle with death.” The subject of the memoir has been characterized by certain excellencies—has perhaps translated into his life some great moral or religious principle, done some valuable service, or made some important discovery—which the biographer wishes to preserve from the oblivion of the grave.

Memorials of departed saints have been found amongst the most useful books given to the world; by them youth has been directed and stimulated in the path of usefulness, the mourning Christian has been comforted, the wavering confirmed, the tempted encouraged, and the faint and feeble strengthened, to pursue with fresh vigour their heavenward way.

In the life and character of JOSEPH HARBOTTLE—the subject of the following sketch—there was much eminently calculated to accomplish the important ends just mentioned.

Mr. Harbottle was born at Tottlebank, near Ulverston, on September 25th, 1798. He enjoyed



the distinguished privilege of having godly parents, who from his earliest years instructed him in the great truths of religion; and both by precept and example directed him in the way he should go. His father—the Rev. T. Harbottle—was a native of a small village in Northumberland; he came to Tottlebank in 1780, where he laboured in word and doctrine for more than forty-three years, and was then called by his divine Master to leave the field and receive his glorious reward.

Mr. Harbottle, senior, was a man of considerable mental ability, high-toned piety, grave and exemplary Christian deportment; and, as a preacher, very solemn and impressive. He was a Baptist of the primitive order, and stood firm in what he believed to be the doctrines and practice of the apostolic churches. He laboured at Tottlebank for the lengthened period before stated, and then, full of years, surrounded by the fruits of his ministry, and with a hope blooming with immortality, he was gathered to his fathers, amidst the tears of an attached flock; and his name, in the sphere of his labour, is fragrant to this day.

The mother of our departed brother was one of the Angus family, a name which holds a very prominent and honourable place in the history of northern Baptists. She is spoken of as being a woman of ardent piety, great evenness of temper, unbounded hospitality, and a real helpmate to her husband. She outlived her partner in life some

years; and, when she departed, left behind her a living testimony that she had gone up to rejoin the husband of her youth in the realms of unending joy.

Such were the parents of the subject of this memoir, under whose care his youthful piety was cultured, and beneath whose eye his youthful intellect developed and was directed. And it will be seen in the following paragraphs, that, in after life, he possessed, in no small degree, the masculine power of intellect which distinguished his honoured father, and the kindness and benevolence which characterized his mother.

He was the youngest of a family of six children, and eleven years the junior of his sister who was next him in age. Being born when his parents were far advanced in life, he was—as is frequently the case in such circumstances—the object of the special care and attention of the whole family. From his earliest days, he exhibited a retiring disposition; a trait which, with some slight modification, adhered to him through life. When very young, he would shrink from the notice or attention of strangers, and appeared really at ease only when surrounded by the members of his own family. Unlike most other children—who are generally playful, if not full of life and spirits—he was grave and quiet, and loved more the company of his parents and their most familiar friends than that of children of his own age. His mind, from the very

dawn of intelligence, was marked, in an extraordinary degree, by sedateness and a keen appetite for knowledge. The circumstances in which his early years were passed might tend to foster grave and contemplative habits, and keep under any leaning to the light and frivolous, had such been developed in him. Living in a retired spot, having very little intercourse with men, except what he saw of them on the Sabbath; and his brothers having left home, to enter on business, soon after he was born, he was left almost entirely with his parents; and, as his father's habits were of a very serious and thoughtful kind, he would naturally imbibe a taste for mental occupation.

His education, during the first years of his life, was under the eye of his father. In a sketch of his religious experience which he has left behind, we find the following:—"My father was so anxious to preserve me from the corrupting influence of bad company, that he would not send me to school, but wished to educate me at home, at least until I became old enough to know and choose the good and refuse the evil." Yet, with all this caution, care, and culture, on the part of his godly parents, he was not free from indications of a depraved heart. The tree, though planted in such a goodly soil, and surrounded with such salutary influences, was still corrupt; and the proof of this soon began to appear. He was, it is true, very affectionate, obedient to his parents, given to studious habits,

and outwardly moral ; but he was averse to holiness, and estranged in heart from God ; he took no delight in the Bible, though a great reader of other books ; he was utterly ignorant of the terrors of a broken law, and wondered to hear pious people talk of such terrors ; and he even reasoned himself into sceptical notions, so far as to doubt the immortality of the soul and a future state of being. Referring to this period of his life, he says :—“One day, my father said, ‘I think, Joseph, you have a dislike to the Bible, for you never look into it, scarcely.’ This was true ; for the Scriptures, and books of the best kind, were unpleasant to me : it was wearisome to hear or read them. When about fourteen years of age, I began to reason myself into infidel principles, and doubted the immortality of the soul and a future life ; and, though I revered those who appeared truly pious, yet I disliked their company, and supposed their belief in a future state arose more from the prejudices of education, and a wish to enjoy happiness, than from any good reason they had to entertain such a hope. About this time I went to school ; and, one day, having mentioned my doubts about the future existence of the soul to a very wicked boy, about my own age, he confronted me with the testimony of the Bible. This was rather an unexpected check. I thought frequently upon the subject, and examined the arguments advanced on the principles of reason, in favour of immortality ; but, after all, I thought it

extremely doubtful ; and as to the Bible, without consulting its evidences, I concluded that it was very probably false, and therefore unworthy of regard. But my heart, at that time, was fully engrossed with folly and fancied pleasure. The gratifications of sense appeared the most delightful objects of pursuit ; and, being eagerly set on them, I felt very indifferent about the concerns of the soul, whether it be immortal or not."


What a proof we have in this record of the absolute necessity of divine power, to restrain from the path of vice, and guide into the way of virtue and holiness. Here we have a youth, naturally sedate and thoughtful, placed in the most favourable circumstances for the development of right principles, and the perfecting of a blameless character ; guarded, from his very infancy, from everything which could contaminate ; having constantly before him the example of the highest-toned piety ; living every day in the atmosphere of genuine christianity, and receiving the most careful culture in the doctrines and duties of religion ; and yet, the foregoing record, from his own pen, shows how, in the midst of it all, he went astray from God, became averse to everything evangelically good, and sank so low as to question some of the leading doctrines of divine truth. Seldom has been found a clearer demonstration of the need of divine influence, to

raise from the fearful state of degradation into which sin has plunged man, and fit him for the service of God here, and the enjoyment of heaven hereafter.

What mortal power from things unclean  
Can pure productions bring?  
Who can command a vital stream  
From an infected spring?



## CHAPTER II.

P to the age of nearly fifteen years, the life of Joseph Harbottle had been spent in the keen pursuit of knowledge; especially the study of the classics, for which he showed very early an uncommon aptitude, and in which he had now made considerable proficiency; yet to the knowledge of himself, and of Christ Jesus the Lord, he was an utter stranger: he was still under the influence of a dark understanding and a depraved heart. But now, God was about to do a work which was to change the current of his affections, and revolutionize the whole tenor of his life. This great transition will be better expressed in his own words than in any terms we could employ. In the record to which we have before referred, he says:—"When nearly fifteen years of age, it pleased God to pierce my conscience with deep and abiding conviction. The evening when this event took place, I was proceeding in the full career of iniquity, when suddenly the terrors of God fell upon my soul with an overwhelming force; and, between the setting and the rising of the sun, the change in my views and feelings was unspeakable. That night I could scarcely rest; the anguish of my soul was extreme. Things which before appeared delightful,

now lost all their power to charm. Things which before seemed quite innocent, now appeared—with a force of conviction quite irresistible—most glaring and damning crimes. The agony of my mind convinced me that I was immortal, and that to endure the eternal punishment I so much deserved would be dreadful beyond conception. I prayed, and wept, and feared that God would then strike me dead; and felt grateful surprise to behold the dawning light of the next morning. From daring presumption and apathy, my soul fell into agonizing despair. My opportunities had been so great that I thought surely mine was the crime against the Holy Ghost, and there was no forgiveness. No time was lost, when I arose in the morning, to read, and ascertain, if possible, whether my crimes were pardonable; for the thought of lingering through a long, eternal night in the same agonies that I had endured since the former evening, was insupportable. For several days my dejection of mind was great; but some passages of Scripture at length gave me hope, especially 1 Cor. vi. 11, ‘And such were some of you, but ye are washed; but ye are sanctified; but ye are justified; in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the spirit of our God.’ and Isaiah liii. 4, 5, ‘Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and



with his stripes we are healed.' These, and other Scriptures, diffused a ray of hope over my gloomy, desponding mind. 'O,' I thought, 'if God would only spare me, and extend his mercy to my guilty soul, how devoted to his service I would be.' The salvation by Christ was the only thing from which any hope arose; yet it was some time before I saw the fulness of that salvation, and the necessity of entire reliance on that, and nothing besides. For a few weeks, my mind was tolerably tranquil. The gospel presented a refuge for the sinner, and to that I desired to flee; but the enemy of souls now began to assault me with temptations of the most awful kind. For weeks I was continually tempted to entertain the most horrible thoughts of God, and to cherish enmity against the blessed Redeemer; and even, in the most shocking language, to pronounce a curse upon myself. Yet the strange manner in which these blasphemous and profane thoughts were injected, led me to conclude that they must come from an infernal source. Under these feelings, the perusal of some experimental books, especially Bunyan's 'Grace abounding,' gave me much relief; and the fiery darts of the enemy only served to endear the refuge, and make me turn more eagerly to the stronghold, as a prisoner of hope. Painful as these experiences were, yet the remembrance of them has often furnished matter of gratitude to that Wisdom which caused me to pass through this dark and dreary path; for, in addition

to other instructions derived from these conflicts, they have since been peculiarly useful to me, as a kind of demonstrative proof of the existence and agency of invisible spirits—a truth so long discredited by my sadducean mind.”

This is a wonderful revelation of mental conflict passed through by one so young, and, to all outward observers, so very amiable and strictly moral; but God, who knows what is in man, was thus digging deep the foundation for that spiritual edifice which he was about to build; a holy temple, in which would be offered up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable through Christ. By these mental struggles, he was fitting him for entering with truer sympathy into those soul-agonies which would come before him in after life, in his work as a pastor in the church of Christ. He seems to have gone through all these scenes of darkness and distress alone; his extreme natural reservedness keeping him from divulging the state of his mind to any mortal. “I kept these things,” he says, “and pondered them in my heart, and felt backward to mention the concern which brooded within.”

In 1815, his brother and another person were baptised, and joined the church. Previous to the baptism, his brother—thinking him truly converted—urged him to come forward at the same time; but, from a common error, that an advanced stage of Christian experience is needful to qualify for the ordinance, he declined it. Though the dread of

dying without professing Christ, and the fear of being found among those who are ashamed of him before men, haunted him from day to day, casting a deep shadow over the dawn of his new life ; yet he hesitated to attend to this act of obedience until his views were more matured, and his evidences were more clear. Alluding to this delay, he says : "I am now convinced that the delay of baptism was my sin, and is the sin of many, in similar circumstances."

The effect of this procrastination was what might be expected : his impressions grew weaker and weaker ; and three years passed over before he was again roused to a keen sense of his criminality in neglecting the claims of Christ in this divinely-appointed ordinance.

In 1818, he paid a visit to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he remained for some months, during which he was brought a good deal into the company of the Revs. R. Pengilly and W. Fisher, by whose conversation he became deeply convinced that he was living in sin, by neglecting obedience to his Lord's command. He returned home, now fully resolved to make haste and delay not to keep God's commandment. But the old obstacle again forced itself across his path, and nearly another year elapsed before it was surmounted : however, at length, he was led to see that he must come as a poor, guilty rebel, depending on the merits of Christ, and look for advancement in the Christian life by

attending to the divine requirement. On September 12th, 1819, he publicly professed himself a disciple of Christ, by following his Lord in the ordinance of baptism. A large concourse of people assembled to witness the performance of the rite; and, as the aged pastor took the hand of his youngest son, and led him into the water, he addressed him with deep emotion, rejoicing over him in the Lord, and then immersed him in the name of the sacred Three. In the document from which we have before quoted, he says:—"After coming up out of the water, the following passage came with peculiar sweetness to my mind: 'Now ye are no more strangers and foreigners; but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.'"

The church at Tottlebank, about this time, received a gracious revival; many were converted and added to the Lord and his people. Amongst the number baptised, were five young men, all possessing gifts for the ministry, and who afterwards became pastors of churches. These were, Joseph Harbottle, Edwin Sandys, the brothers Thomas and Strickland. Frearson, and Thomas Harbottle.

The life and labours of Joseph Harbottle we are endeavouring briefly to set forth in these pages.

Edwin Sandys was a young man endowed with fine mental powers. He possessed the poetic faculty in a large measure; some of the poems he has published exhibit a soul full of harmony, and a very correct taste. After studying four years at Horton

College, for the ministry, he went to a church in one of the United States of America, where he is living at the present day.

Thomas Frearson, having completed his curriculum at Horton, succeeded his aged pastor in the church at Tottlebank, where he died in 1840.

Strickland Frearson, after finishing his college course, became successively the pastor of the churches at Idle, Gildersome, and Coniston; at the last of which places he ended his days, in 1857.

Thomas Harbottle, the youngest of them, was nephew to the subject of this memorial. He was baptised in 1823. In a memoir of him, written by his uncle, which appeared in the *Baptist Magazine* for July, 1840, we are informed that he joined the church before he was fifteen years of age, and that he was the last person whom his venerable grandfather baptised; and also how the aged pastor was gladdened in administering the sacred rite to this very young convert, who already inherited his name, and was now made partaker of like precious faith. About two years after his baptism, he paid a visit to Accrington; and, being pressed by some of his friends to preach, he made his first effort to proclaim Christ, at a village called Oakenshaw, a short distance from the above-named town. After this, he went through a course of tuition under his uncle, at Accrington; and, in 1831, went to France, where he remained about two years. During his residence at Havre de Grace, he was the instrument in the

hand of God in collecting a company of believers ; and the services which he then commenced, we believe, are kept up to this day. Returning from France, he went to Heywood, near Rochdale, where, after labouring with great success, in establishing the infant cause, for a few years, in August, 1839, he left the field, and entered his Master's joy. He is spoken of, by those who knew him, as a young man of a very mild, affectionate, Christ-like spirit ; especially distinguished by his seraphic devotion, and entire consecration to the service of Christ. He laboured in the vineyard with the expectation of the speedy advent of his Lord constantly in his mind. His uncle says of him :—"Without partiality of kindred, I can believe him to have been one of the most devoted Christians on earth."

Edwin Sandys and Thomas and Strickland Frearson, having joined the church, took up the stations which their aged pastor, by reason of growing infirmities, had been compelled to relinquish ; and, with all the freshness of youthful zeal and love, entered upon the work of the Lord.—Thomas Harbottle did not commence preaching until some years after.

Joseph Harbottle felt as much interest in the work as the foremost of them ; but, for some time, his natural reserve kept him from publicly addressing an assembly. He says of this time :—"Several persons urged me to speak publicly, but it was with extreme difficulty I could read in public, for

some time." At length, he consented to preach in a cottage about a mile from his father's house. The thing got known amongst the members of the church, and at the appointed hour a considerable number were present. Amongst them, was one who felt a special interest in him—his aged mother; but she, knowing his natural timidity, kept in a part of the cottage where she would be unseen. The text he selected was very characteristic of him. All present were struck when he read it. The words were, Jeremiah xx. 9, "Then I said, I will not make mention of him, \* \* \* but his word was in my heart, as a burning fire shut up in my bones; and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay."

He now entered on the work of preaching, in conjunction with the other young men, and soon became a very acceptable preacher. The first station he supplied was a little chapel near the foot of Coniston Lake. He preached from Romans i. 16: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

These texts to his first sermons show, in his case, the struggle there had been in his mind between his natural timidity and backwardness and the strong sense of duty to preach Christ which pressed heavily on his spirit.

After having been engaged in this itinerating work for some months, he was invited to preach

before the church, with a view to being called to the work of the ministry. He accepted the invitation; and having preached with abundant satisfaction to the assembled brethren, his venerable father, on behalf of the church, gave him the right hand of fellowship, as a servant in the Lord's vineyard; thus signifying their call of him to the ministry of the word.

He had been, from his earliest years, a most diligent and eager student; and now, having arrived at manhood, he was a very accomplished scholar. In Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, he had made great proficiency. He began the study of the last-named language when only a child, and it engaged his special attention during the whole of his life; and, so thorough and extensive became his knowledge of the sacred language, in his latter years, that very few men in England possessed a knowledge of it more complete.

When he first commenced the study of Hebrew, he went through the elementary books in the language, which he found in his father's library, and then paid a visit to Dr. Stonard, an eminent Hebraist, who at that time was vicar of Aldingham, a place about ten miles from his father's house. The doctor, finding him such a precocious boy, and under the influence of such an ardent passion for the pursuit of classical learning, especially for the acquisition of a knowledge of Hebrew, lent him, on his return home, a Hebrew Lexicon. He returned



from his visit with a light heart, bringing home with him the great treasure ; and then set to work in translating, with all the energy of his nature. And, at the time when he was appointed by the church to the work of the ministry, so extensive had become his knowledge of the classics and Hebrew, that he was invited by the Committee of Horton College to take the classical department in the education of young men for the ministry, in that institution. He went to Horton in 1822; but, after being there a short time, he was visited with a severe affliction—typhus fever—which, for some time, threatened to bring his life to a close. Referring to this visitation, he says :—“Whilst at Horton, it pleased the all-wise Disposer of events to visit me with a heavy affliction. In these trying moments, I found the hopes afforded by the gospel my only substantial comfort. That dispensation rendered dearer than ever the doctrines of the cross, and the free promises of a full redemption in the blood of the Lamb.”

During the time this affliction was progressing, there was deep gloom and trembling anxiety in the parsonage at Tottlebank. The venerable pastor who inhabited it was often found at the throne of grace, urging his suit in the presence of the great Disposer of events, to spare the life of the son of his old age, and confer his blessing on the head of “him that was separated from his brethren.” And, when the intelligence came that the danger was past,

and Joseph was spared, he gave vent to his overflowing gratitude to the Hearer of prayer in the following manner :—"Thanks ! sincere thanks ! be unto him whose name is '*Jehovah Rophi*,' for such kindness. He hath done, and does, all things well, who says : 'I kill and I make alive, I wound and I heal.' God hath preserved him and kept him alive."

As soon as his recovery rendered it safe for him to travel, he returned home, where he remained until March in the following year, when his health and vigour were completely restored. The Committee of the College had engaged Mr. Godwin (now Dr. Godwin) to take the classical tutorship, so that Mr. Harbottle's services were not required ; but Dr. Steadman—who had, ever since he resided in his house, entertained the highest opinion of his piety and abilities—gave him such a strong recommendation to the church at Accrington, then in want of a pastor, that he was at once invited to visit them. He accepted the invitation ; and, after being with them for about two years, received a unanimous call to take the oversight of them, and was ordained to the pastorate in 1825.



## CHAPTER III.

THE bishopric of souls is the most awful and important office which a mortal man can fill. Appointing a man to sustain this office amongst them, is the most solemn and momentous act which a church can perform. On the discharge of the duties of this office depend results, compared with which the effects of commercial enterprise, the consequents of legislation, or any other thing of earth and time, will one day appear to all lighter than vanity. The one affects only man's surroundings; the other, man himself; the one has to do merely with time; the other, with eternity.

When Joseph Harbottle entered on the pastoral office at Accrington, perhaps few young men, since the days of the apostles, have felt more deeply the overwhelming responsibilities of the sacred trust than at that time pressed on his mind. He placed at the head of his answers to the questions proposed at his ordination the following lines:—

“’Tis not a cause of small import  
The pastor's care demands :  
But what might fill an angel's heart,  
And filled a Saviour's hands.

“They watch for souls, for whom the Lord  
Did heavenly bliss forego :  
For souls, that must for ever live,  
In rapture or in woe.”

What he has said himself, respecting his views and feelings on that solemn occasion, shows how completely the above lines were in unison with the state of his mind.

The church at Accrington, in calling Mr. Harbottle to labour amongst them, had made choice of a man who would naturally care for their state; one who was characterised, in a large measure, by those pastoral qualifications enumerated by the great apostle: "Vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, given to hospitality, apt to teach; not given to wine; not greedy of filthy lucre; but patient; not a brawler, not covetous; not a novice; having a good report of them which are without;" one who, by his after-life, would prove that God had directed them to a pastor after his own heart.

After his ordination, he girt up his loins, and, with the glow of strong affection to his Master, and undying love to souls, he entered on his field of labour, resolving to cultivate it to the utmost extent of his powers; and trusting that, by the descent of the Spirit's gracious influences, he would be rewarded by a large ingathering of fruit to God.

It is to be regretted that he has left no record of his long services in connection with this church: but, from the reminiscences of some of his more intimate friends, who are still alive, and other sources, we shall endeavour to give a few particu-

lars relative to the manner in which he acted, the difficulties he had to overcome, and the success which crowned his incessant and persevering toil.

For some years after he went to Accrington, he saw very little fruit result from his labours. He tried every method of culture, and spared no exertion; but the effects were only just sufficient to sustain hope, and stimulate to continued action; not what he had so strongly desired and anticipated.

There is something very depressing to a young man, who enters on the work with burning zeal and high expectations of success, to find that he labours, in a great measure, in vain. Almost anyone can work when success attends every effort, and large ingatherings result from exertion. But, when weeks, and months, and years of diligent and prayerful toil produce very little fruit; then it requires something of the zeal of an apostle, and the endurance of a martyr, to bear up, and still labour on.

However, the subject of this memoir was not a man to be scared from his post by difficulties, nor paralyzed in his efforts by the absence of expected success. He carried all his difficulties and discouragements to the great Master whom he served, and then put forth renewed exertions: preaching on the Sabbath and on week-days; instructing the young; visiting the sick; in short, leaving no method untried by which souls might be brought to God, and Christ honoured and glorified. He did

not labour simply from a sense of duty, but he really delighted in the work. He felt that, in being employed in the ministry of the gospel, his Master had conferred on him the greatest honour that could be put on mortal man ; and that, in the discharge of the duties of his office, he was doing a work which an angel would have felt it an honour to do. He was an ambassador for Christ, praying men, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God. He joyfully laid all he possessed on the altar, and consecrated all his powers to the service of Christ.

The writer of this sketch has been very much impressed, in reading some of the published letters of that earnest, erring spirit, the late F. W. Robertson, with the contrast between *his* views of the preaching of the gospel, and those of the subject of this memorial. Joseph Harbottle would have been doing violence to all the feelings of his soul, to have penned such lines as the following, written by Robertson a short time before his death :—"How long will sermonizing continue ? With all my heart, I hope not to the end of life, unless life is very nearly done : for it is a kind of martyrdom by a lingering death—like the benevolent system of roasting by a slow fire, in which the good people of former times manifested the extent of their Christian proficiency."

Again, two years before his death, he writes :—"Would to God I were not a mere pepper-cruet, to give relish to the palates of the Brightonians ! I

wish I did not hate preaching so much; but the degradation of being a Brighton preacher is almost intolerable." And, even in a letter written the year before his death, he expresses his utter dislike to the work :—"It was with extreme repugnance and aversion I contemplated preparation for the Sunday. It reminds me of the song of the shirt : 'Work, work ! work !' and the perpetual, treadmill necessity of being for ever ready, twice a-week, with earnest thoughts on solemn subjects, is a task which is quite enough to break down all originality, and convert the racehorse into a dray."

How melancholy this revelation of the views and feelings of the popular and original Brighton preacher, in reference to the great work to which his powers were professedly devoted. These feelings, we must admit, may have been morbid ; and excited, in part at least, by the character of a Brighton congregation ;—two or three expressions in the foregoing extracts appear to indicate as much : still, it is very mournful to find them in a man like Robertson, avowing himself a minister of the gospel of Christ. In what a different style the humble and devoted pastor of the church at Accrington wrote, regarding the work of the ministry in which he was employed. "Ministers," he writes, "above all others, should pray continually, 'Lord, increase our faith ;' for, as this grace becomes stronger, we shall increase in hope ; and, expecting much from God, we shall attempt

much for God. Our love to Christ and to souls will increase in proportion to our faith ; for who can firmly believe what the Scriptures teach ; who can look steadily by faith on Gethsemane and Calvary, and then forward to the scenes of the judgment day, without being in earnest to glorify Christ and convert souls?" Again he writes :—  
 "Ministers must preach the great truths of God's word with plainness, affection, and earnestness ; following the guilty conscience to all its hiding-places ; tearing the mask from the moralist and self-righteous ; and, without respect of persons, meeting the sinner at every turn, with the sword of the Spirit pointed to his breast. They must *cheerfully* engage in the work, resolving to preach the truth of God, even though all their earthly comforts should immediately be sacrificed." And then, referring to the great ends contemplated, he says :—"In every soul converted, a being capable of endless suffering or enjoyment is rescued from woe, and prepared for bliss. A creature of the highest order on earth is snatched from remediless ruin. A soul, more valuable than all the inanimate or irrational creation, is delivered from a condition the most perilous, and prepared for a career of glory and joy the most pure and exalted. And can we deem that a trifling obligation, in which consequences so prodigious are involved ? What importance, what value, does the idea of endless existence convey. It adds a kind of infinity to whatever is



endowed with it ; while, on the other hand, without such existence, the highest created being, if created only to be annihilated, would be a trifle. And, do we believe that all the souls around us are beings of this sort? Then, how tremendous is the obligation devolving on us to seek their endless welfare." And then, looking at the success of the work, he speaks thus : — "Paul regarded the converts whom his ministry had brought to Christ, as his joy and crown of rejoicing ; and the word of truth assures us that such as turn many to righteousness shall shine as stars for ever and ever. Expressions like these evidently show that an amount of honour and bliss as yet altogether beyond our calculation is in reserve for such as turn sinners to God." And his full confidence that labour for Christ would never be in vain, is exhibited in such sentences as the following : — "The law of nature, which insures to the husbandman a crop in the harvest, as the result of his toil in the seedtime, is not more sure than the law of grace, which affirms that such as sow the precious seed in tears shall reap in joy. 'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' What God has assured us is doubtless, it does not become us to regard as doubtful. Our care ought to be that the good seed be scattered abundantly, and with those feelings, those strong emotions suited to such an enterprize ; confidently believing that divine truth, disseminated in the

spirit of believing, agonizing prayer, shall not return void, but prosper in the thing whereunto God hath sent it."

How widely diverse the views and feelings of these two preachers (as shown by these extracts) in regard to the great work in which they were both employed. One speaks of preaching as "only producing a present effect:" the other as God's great instrumentality for accomplishing his purposes of mercy in the salvation of immortal souls. The former preaches wonderful sermons, but his heart is clearly not in the work; he bitterly complains, and expresses to his intimate friends his utter aversion to preaching the word: while the latter so loved to tell the news of salvation to guilty men, that, had he, like Bunyan, been cast into prison for preaching; like Bunyan, he would have said, "if they let me out to-day, I will preach the gospel to-morrow, by the help of God." Robertson has left behind him a pile of sermons, exhibiting great originality, fine taste, and amazing power of expression; and they have received—notwithstanding their glaring doctrinal errors—almost unbounded laudation from the press, and been extensively read by thoughtful men: Joseph Harbottle has left behind him a few literary productions, which will be perused with pleasure and profit by all spiritually-minded people, breathing, as they do, so much of the spirit of Christ; but his great work has been his success in placing living stones on the

great foundation, on which God, through the instrumentality of his servants, is raising up a living temple, which will last for ever, as a monument of his unspeakable love and grace.

Though, as we have before stated, the first years of Mr. Harbottle's ministry produced very little fruit; yet, after a time, his diligent, prayerful, and persevering labours were crowned with unmistakable success. His congregation increased to such a degree that the place of meeting was too small, and the present large and convenient chapel was erected. The church was quickened to new life, and souls in large numbers were converted to God. In one year, sixty members were added to the church. The showers of divine influence continued to descend upon his labours for several years in succession. The hand of the Lord was with his servant, so that great numbers believed and turned unto the Lord.

All through life he showed great fondness for teaching, for which he had remarkable aptitude; and, during a great portion of his pastorate, he had two or three young men under his care, preparing for the Christian ministry. They attended him every day, and he devoted two or three hours at a time to the work of instructing them in Hebrew, and other languages which might be useful to them in their future work. All this was done gratuitously, with the utmost patience and care.

Amongst the young men who received instructions under him, were, *Joseph Angus*, now *Dr. Angus*, president of Regent's Park College; and, later, *Henry Duncckley*, now editor of the *Manchester Examiner and Times*. When the former was with Mr. Harbottle, he had for one of his fellow-students that seraphic youth, Thomas Harbottle. Referring to this time, Dr. Angus says:—"Among the most pleasant and suggestive meetings I have ever known, were meetings at his house on a Saturday evening, when uncle and nephew (Thomas Harbottle) each ran over the outline of one of the Sunday sermons, and we all prayed for a blessing on the services of the day."

During his ministry at Blackburn-road Chapel, the town of Accrington was visited by one of those depressions in trade by which the working classes are sometimes brought into the most distressing state of destitution. Whilst this heavy calamity remained, there was not a person in the town felt more keenly for the suffering operatives, or made greater sacrifices to relieve them than Mr. Harbottle. His income was only small, £70 or £80 a year; but having no family (being a bachelor, and a man of simple habits), he was able to reduce his expenditure so as to spare a good portion of it, which he willingly devoted to the relief of the suffering poor. He gave tickets to some, to apply to shops for shoes and other clothing, and provisions; and he hired a man with his ass and

panniers, and, having laden it with provisions, he accompanied the man round the neighbouring villages, and distributed to the wants of those in need. This he did for many weeks in succession.

In 1834, he wrote the circular letter of the Associated Churches of Yorkshire and Lancashire, meeting that year in Bradford. The subject was :—“The means of revival.” This letter contains a most searching, faithful, and affectionate appeal to the churches to examine their spiritual condition ; and points out, in a plain and solemn manner, the means most adapted, under God, to promote their prosperity.

In August of the same year, he took three weeks’ rest, which he spent in the neighbourhood of Tottlebank, the place of his birth. During this time, he made a short tour to the lakes. He wrote a very lengthy account of this visit, in which he gives graphic descriptions of the scenery, and the pious reflections which it induced. Two or three brief extracts from this manuscript are all that our space will allow.

He had resolved, before he left home, to spend the 18th of August—the tenth anniversary of his father’s death—at Tottlebank. Accordingly, when the morning of that day came, he bent his steps towards the spot where he first saw the light. The morning was gloomy, with a continuous fall of drizzling rain. When he arrived, he entered the ancient chapel, shut himself in, and remained three

hours alone, in deep and solemn thought, reading the word, and prayer. In his journal he writes :—  
 “ August 18th.—This day being the tenth anniversary of my father’s death, I had previously determined to spend part of it at Tottlebank ; and, about ten o’clock, proceeded thither. The rain fell heavily, but there was no wind. The skies seemed to present an emblem of that calm sorrow, and those silent tears, with which it becomes Christians to lament the departure of deceased saints. I entered the chapel, and stayed three hours. Having read the two epistles to Timothy, and some other portions of Scripture, and offered thanks to God for his care, since the guide of my youth departed, and prayers for all my relatives yet on earth, for the church at Tottlebank, and for the church universal ; I went to Greenodd, and remained until the time of the evening service. Thus ended ten years, since I first felt what it was to lose one of my parents ; and nearly six are gone since the other fell asleep in Jesus.

Farewell, departed saints, farewell !  
 Till I in heaven appear ;  
 The conflicts of my faith to tell  
 In your transported ear ;  
 And sing with you the exalted strain,  
 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain.”

The following morning, he went with a young friend who had accompanied him from Accrington, to view “The Queen of the Lakes,” Windermere. The day was exquisitely fine, and they saw the lake, and the stupendous mountains surrounding it,

to great advantage. The entry in his journal shows how completely they had been enchanted by the scene. Thus he writes :—"The surface of the lake was like glass, and the beautifully-shaded clouds reflected upon it, together with the whole of the surrounding landscape, wore the appearance of more than earthly beauty. We went ashore on the further side of the lake, and walked about for perhaps half-an-hour ; and surely, never, since the loss of paradise, did any terrestrial scene possess more loveliness. Long shall we remember these light-winged minutes, as among the few that we have spent in a state of mind approaching towards the felicities of them that walk the celestial fields, and bask in the pure effulgence of uncreated light. Minutes such as these were never intended to be lasting or frequent in a world like this." At the close of the week, he thus records his gratitude to God :—"Thus we have been safely preserved through another week, and have renewed cause for gratitude to him who is the keeper of Israel. We have seen demonstrations of his power and wisdom, in the beauty and magnificence of his works. We have seen some of the loveliest, as well some of the grandest, works of creation. The green fields, the ripening corn, the flowering gardens, the trees clothed in verdure, the crystal lakes, the beautiful islands, the stupendous mountains, and the dark thunder-clouds,—all these, with ten thousand tongues, declare the glory of the Lord, and show

forth the works of his hands. O Lord ! how manifold are thy works ; in wisdom thou hast made them all."

Having spent three weeks amidst the scenes of his early days, he returned to his sphere of labour, with an invigorated body and renewed spirits.

We pass over five years, during which he laboured incessantly, and with growing success ; and come to 1839, in which year he again took a few weeks for relaxation and rest ; and, along with a brother minister, made a tour to the Isle of Man ; and then, leaving his travelling companion, paid a visit to his relations at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The writer has in his possession a manuscript journal of this tour, filling two thick memoranda-books ; in which are recorded the efforts he made to serve his Master, in the ministry of his word ; his impressions respecting the various scenes through which he passed ; and his reflections upon men and things passing under his eye. When on his way to Liverpool, to take ship for the Island, he stopped a short time in Manchester, and had the opportunity of seeing two men who, at that day, had attained considerable popularity. We refer to Robert Owen, the leader of the Socialists ; and Mr. Armitage, a missionary artisan, who had spent fifteen years of voluntary exile amongst the savage inhabitants of the islands of the Pacific. His remarks on these two men are so good, that we cannot resist the temptation to quote them.—"August 5th, 1839," he writes, "We



safely arrived at Manchester, about ten o'clock in the morning. Nothing very remarkable occurred there, except the opportunity of seeing two men whose labours form a very striking contrast. One of these was Robert Owen, the celebrated apostle of what is called Socialism : a system which, if acted out, would dis sever the dearest bonds of society, and precipitate us back to the depths of barbarism. Mr. Owen was laying the foundation-stone of a building to be called 'The Hall of Science.' It is remarkable—though quite congenial with the spirit of error—that, in proportion as anything advances in badness, it excels in arrogance. The devil is, no doubt, the proudest being in the creation of God ; and, as any other beings become like Satan, they become puffed up. 'The Hall of Science' and 'The Holy Inquisition' are fit names for darkness and impurity to assume. No doubt, if Satan were ever permitted to assume a human form, he would wish to be regarded as the wisest and holiest that ever trod the earth. But, really, 'Hall of Science' seems a burlesque, when applied to a building in which is to be taught a system which is adapted, as far as possible, to extinguish the lamp of immortality. The other person I saw, that evening, was Mr. Armitage, who had spent fifteen years of voluntary banishment, as a missionary artisan, in the isles of the Pacific, for the purpose of elevating the inhabitants to civilisation and comfort, as well as diffusing amongst them the

saving knowledge of Christ. I could not avoid reflecting on the contrast between these two philanthropists. Owen, calm and agreeable in manners, a man of age, and respectable appearance; yet actively devoting his powers to advance a visionary theory, which, however it may glow with imaginary advantages, resembles the glare seen in the desert, breathing as it passes pestilence and death. Armitage, on the other hand, proving by fifteen years' exile, among tribes scarcely reclaimed from barbarism, that Christianity can sustain far higher efforts to ameliorate the condition of mankind than infidelity has yet attempted."

During his stay in the Isle of Man, he distributed a great number of tracts, and made several attempts to preach the gospel in the open air, but in a great measure failed in his purpose. From the island he sailed to Whitehaven; where, parting with his travelling companion, he proceeded to Maryport, to assist Mr. Pulsford in holding some meetings for promoting a revival of religion: after these, he went forward to Newcastle-on-Tyne, to spend a week or two with his relations in that town. Whilst there, he met with his cousin, Joseph Angus, from London (now *Dr. Angus, of Regent's Park*), whom he accompanied—together with Mr. Dyer, Secretary of the Missionary Society, and Mr. Sample—to a missionary meeting at Shotley Field. Just as the meeting commenced, a messenger arrived from Newcastle, with a letter from his cousin, William Angus, and

a gig to convey him back at once. The letter informed him of the dying circumstances of his nephew, Thomas Harbottle, of Heywood, and expressed the wish of his friends that he would return home immediately. Next morning, he informs us, Mr. Dyer, his cousin Joseph, and his cousin William, accompanied him to the railway station; and, having taken an affectionate farewell, the train moved off, and he was on his way to the house of mourning.

In his journal he makes the following entry, on leaving Carlisle:—"Friday, Aug. 23, 1839. A fine morning, promising an agreeable journey; although the present occasion of my haste was adapted to fill the mind with pensive and melancholy reflections. I arose betimes, and breakfasted at the inn, a little after six o'clock. Half-past six was the time to be in readiness; we did not, however, start until about seven. But how good to be ready for a journey, and more especially for that eternal one on which my dear nephew had entered. Had I been hastening to attend the deathbed, or the grave, of one driven away in his wickedness, my reflections might have been melancholy indeed. In the present case, however, there were no terrors to encircle the brow of death, no cloud of blackness to gather round his sepulchre. Too well I knew his purpose, faith, and manner of life, to doubt for a moment that, die when he might, death to him would be everlasting gain. For years, the glorious appear-

ance of Jesus had been the theme of his most delightful contemplation, and well I was assured that the message which summoned him to the presence of his Lord, would be joyful as the music of heaven. He was indeed exceedingly dear to me, as any earthly relative that I ever had; and, without any partiality of kindred, I can believe him to have been one of the most devoted Christians on earth; yet, the strong assurance of his readiness for glory made me almost rejoice that he had left this weary world behind. And what, if his face be seen by me on earth no more, yet

The years will roll swiftly, and bring the bright morning,  
When Jesus, our sun, shall illumine the tomb;  
In light and perfection our bodies adorning,  
With millions redeem'd, he shall welcome us home."

In 1840, Mr. Harbottle resigned the pastorate of the church, to the deep regret of all the members. However, in the following year, a sphere of labour was presented to him, for which he was specially adapted. A new college, for the education of young men for the ministry, was opened at Accrington. Mr. Griffiths was invited to take the theological department of instruction, and Mr. Harbottle the classical; a post for which his extensive and profound acquaintance with the classics, as well as several modern languages, eminently qualified him. He also resumed (in conjunction with his coadjutor in the college) his office of pastor to the church over which he had watched seventeen years. The two tutors laboured together in the greatest

harmony, both in the college and in the church, for a number of years. They were, in many respects, very different men. Griffiths was much given to metaphysical research ; Harbottle had no particular taste for abstruse subjects, but must have something solid and substantial. The former, in his preaching, was very original, both in thought and expression ; the latter made no pretensions to either. The theological tutor required very close attention to be able to understand him ; and often, when his mind was in a very active state, his hearers were left far behind. The classical tutor never went where only the strong could follow him ; but it was his constant object to lead his hearers into the green pastures of gospel truth, and speak in such a style that the most unlettered could easily understand. Both were thoroughly evangelical ; and their combined ministrations must have been a distinguished privilege to the church. In their offices in the college, they proved themselves men well qualified for the work ; and during the eight years which the institution existed, they sent out a number of young men who are now filling important posts of duty as pastors of churches. The college, not receiving that support by which it could be sustained, was closed in 1849.

At the closing of this institution, Mr. Harbottle took the charge of the church at Oswaltdwistle, where he laboured, with considerable success, for a period of fourteen years ; when, a new chapel

having been opened in Barnes-street, Accrington, he was earnestly invited to become the minister ; which office he accepted, and entered on the work of building up a new church, with his characteristic energy and perseverance. But he was now beginning to feel strong indications that his bodily powers were giving way ; inability to walk as formerly, shortness of breath, and general debility, gave him admonitory warnings that his life was on the decline ; yet his mental powers continued as vigorous as ever ; and there was a peculiar holy influence pervading all his faculties, and a special unction in his sermons, which all his friends noticed and felt.

In the summer, of 1863, he paid his last visit to the scenes of his early days, and once more occupied the pulpit from which he had often, long ago, “heard the word divine.” His sermons made a powerful impression ; all felt they were listening to a great and good man. During this visit, the writer had the privilege of spending some time with him. He was then suffering from great prostration ; but, when the conversation turned to the errors which had crept into the church at the present day, he appeared to forget all his weakness, and spoke with great energy ; manifesting much anxiety for the fidelity of the churches to the great doctrines of Christianity.

He returned to his attached flock, a little improved in health, but still very feeble. It was evident, both to his friends and himself, that his

constitution was nearly worn out. However, he continued still to preach ; and these closing months of his ministry were specially devoted to the advocacy and enforcement of the fundamental doctrines of the gospel ; and some of his oldest friends, who had attended on his ministry from his first coming to Accrington, say, they never heard him preach with more earnestness and power than during these last days of his labours amongst them. His last discourse was, on the vital doctrine which had formed the theme of the whole of his previous ministry. His text was Heb. x. 14, "For by his one offering he hath for ever perfected them that are sanctified." The sermon was a lucid statement, and very powerful defence, of the doctrine of the atonement.

About a year before his death, he wrote a letter to a young man, who was burning with intense desire to be engaged in the service of that gracious Saviour who had rescued him from eternal ruin ; but who was sinking under a fatal disease. In this letter, after expressing to his young friend the joy which it gave him to hear of the well-grounded hope which he had of future glory ; and, sympathising with his strong desire to live and labour for such a master, he says :—"but, God has two spheres of service for his servants ; one on earth, the other in heaven : but the heavenly service is far the higher ; and, perhaps, he is about to take you to be engaged in that." These words sank deep into that young man's soul ; and, even when sinking into the

arms of death, the prospect of the higher service filled him with unutterable joy. On this elevated employment the subject of this memoir was now very soon to enter, and join his highly-gifted young friend, just mentioned, in serving Christ in his temple evermore. His work was done, and he would speedily receive his reward. His great captain called him from the field, where he had won so many victories, to bestow on him the crown. "A messenger arrived from his Master, to inform him that he desired him to appear in his presence, within ten days." And, to quote his own language respecting the death of a dear friend in the ministry, we believe that the message which summoned him to the presence of his Lord would be sweet as the music of heaven.

In the beginning of January, 1864, he had an attack of bronchitis, which, in spite of all that medical skill could do, terminated in his dissolution on the nineteenth of the same month.

His death was in perfect keeping with his life. There was no rapture, but a calm and solemn state of mind. As he stepped down into the dark river, he said:—"*Nothing that loves Christ can perish.*" "*It is a matter of indifference to me whether I die or live; I have a good Pilot, and a safe landing-place.*" Thus he went over.

"Servant of Christ, well done;  
Rest from thy lov'd employ:  
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,  
Enter thy Master's joy."



When the tidings of his death became known, they produced a wide and deep impression. The members of the church felt they had lost a very faithful and devoted pastor; the young felt they had been bereaved of a kind and affectionate instructor; and the poor, that they had been robbed by death of a true and sympathising friend.

Mr. Harbottle had not been what is called a public man in the town of Accrington. He had taken no leading part in political movements; he had not been a popular lecturer; he created no great sensation; but he had laboured quietly, yet effectually, amongst the people, for about forty years. He had been the means of bringing many of them to God; he had entered the wretched dwellings of the starving poor, spoken kind and sympathising words, and out of his small means ministered to their wants; he had visited the sick and dying, and pointed hundreds of them to Christ as the way of life; and, he had moved amongst them, exhibiting the highest and most consistent piety; and, now that he was gone, all felt that a man of God had been with them.

The respect he had won from all classes was strikingly manifested on the day of his funeral. When the morning came for the removal of his body to Tottlebank, for interment amongst his kindred, ministers and friends arrived from different parts of the county, as well as from the adjoining county of York. The corpse was taken to the

chapel, where a short time before he had preached the word of life. His oldest ministerial friend, the Rev. Peter Scott, delivered a very affecting and appropriate funeral oration, and several other ministers took part in the service. And, when the large procession moved from the chapel to the railway station, the shops along the streets through which it passed were closed, and the streets were filled, as if one of the princes of the land were being carried to his burial.

One of the ministers present at the funeral, speaking, (in a letter to the writer,) of the respect shown to the deceased by the inhabitants of the town, says :—"In the procession from the chapel to the railway station there was no display. There were no carriages ; there was not even a hearse. Devout men carried him, like Stephen, to his burial, and made great lamentation over him. Sometimes the righteous perisheth and no man layeth it to heart ; but, to the honour of Accrington, it was not so in this case, for the whole town seemed moved. The shops were shut, and the streets filled with persons eager to obtain a last look at the coffin containing his mortal remains, as they were borne to the tomb. And, as the coffin passed by, they seemed to say, with the prophet, 'My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof.' There is an instinctive feeling in the human mind that religion, after all, is the glory and defence of a place. That the righteous are the

pillars of the earth. That the fervent, effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Therefore they felt as if they were losing a friend and protector, and suffering a public loss. He had long been a preacher of righteousness among them, like Noah ; an intercessor for them, like Daniel ; and a benefactor to them, like Job. They could not forget, that, when days were dark and friends were few ; when trade was bad, and poverty and want stared them in the face ; how he not only refused to take the whole of his moderate salary, because he thought the church could not well afford it ; but spent a great portion of the little he had in supplying food and raiment, not merely to members of his own congregation, but also to very many others who were in want. These were some of the reasons why so many thronged the streets to witness his unostentatious funeral. There were many there of all denominations, and some of none. Those who could not sympathise with the form of his religion could sympathise with its spirit ; and those who could not sympathise with religion at all could admire his humanity. They could not judge his religion ; but they could judge his life. They could not see its hidden springs, mysterious and divine ; but they could witness the purity and taste the sweetness of its streams. One who mingled with the crowd overheard some, who made no pro-

fession of religion, saying: 'If ever there was a good man on earth, he was one; he has left few behind him like himself.'

Besides the private Christians who attended the funeral, there was a large number of ministers, of more denominations than his own; some of them having come from a great distance to show their respect to his memory, to whom it will be long fragrant. Thus our dear and honoured brother passed away from amongst us, amidst the regrets, and with the love and esteem, of all who knew him."

On the arrival of the body at Tottlebank—to which place it had been attended from Accrington by the Rev. P. Scott, Rev. W. E. Jackson, and Mr. R. Fish—it was placed in the chapel for the night; and next day consigned to the earth, in the little burial-ground, near the graves of his honoured parents, and amidst the scenes of his childhood and youthful days; where it rests in hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.



## CHAPTER IV.

**I**N concluding this brief memorial of one of the wisest and best men it was ever the privilege of the writer to know, we shall give a few brief extracts from two of the discourses delivered on his death.

In a sermon preached at the time of his death, by one who had formerly been his pupil, he is spoken of thus :—"There can be no doubt that Mr. Harbottle's mind was originally strong and active, and was greatly improved by a thoroughly literary and classical education,—an education chiefly conducted by himself, pursued with unremitting assiduity, and devoted to the most important ends. He was gifted with a quick and retentive memory, with a vigorous and poetical imagination, and with a correct and just appreciation of the beauties of literature. He was noted for unwearied diligence in the acquisition of knowledge ; and, though I should never place him in the class of profound thinkers, yet his unremitting perseverance and love of learning secured to him the riches of a well-cultivated mind ; and what is best, his mental wealth was always consecrated to the Redeemer's service.

"As a minister of the gospel, he had peculiar excellencies. He had all the qualities that constitute

a permanently useful preacher. His understanding was clear and discriminating, his imagination chaste and poetical, and his heart susceptible of tender and strong emotions. His preaching was always serious, instructive and affectionate; and the people to whom he ministered knew that he loved their souls, and sought their everlasting welfare. The style of his discourses was entirely free from all affected grandeur and floridness of language, and exhibited a happy union of simplicity and ornament. In respect both to the words and phrases he employed, and to their arrangement and sense, he always spoke in pure English. His sermons were chiefly on doctrinal and practical subjects: they set forth the truths of religion in their scriptural form, and carried them out in their practical uses. His appeals to the conscience and the heart were direct and faithful, and oftentimes awakening and impressive. Sometimes he was truly eloquent. I remember a sermon he once preached, in the ordinary course of his ministry, on the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea. His description of the march of the Israelites, the destruction of the Egyptians, and the triumphant song of the hosts of Israel, was like a vivid picture presented to the mind, and produced a powerful impression on the minds of his hearers. When he entered the pulpit, seriousness and sanctity were written upon his countenance; and his discourses were filled with so

much wisdom and spirituality of tone, as to convince his hearers that he was truly a man of God, who came with a message to their souls."

Again, speaking of Mr. Harbottle's views of the doctrines of Christianity, he says: "He was a theologian of the Puritanical school, or rather the school of the apostles; for, like them, he sat at the feet of Jesus, and learnt of him. He was far removed from pertinacity and bigotry, and yet he was a decided opponent to all novelties in religion. As he did not adopt his opinions in haste, so he was not in haste to change them. But the circumstance which secured his belief in the doctrines of evangelical religion was, that the influence of those doctrines was mixed with his devout exercises; and so the truth of them became a matter of personal experience, as well as a divine revelation. It was this that so wedded him to the great principles of Christianity that no wind of doctrine could move him. Amid all the fluctuations of the present times, he remained steadfast and immovable. We well know with what concern and grief he looked upon any speculations on the subject of religion which he considered unscriptural and adventurous; especially upon anything like removing the landmarks; and how apprehensive he was of results which might be injurious to the interests of the church of Christ."

"Again, Mr. Harbottle was a man of exemplary *modesty* and *humility*. No one would ever suppose

that he thought of himself more highly than he ought to think ; or that, in any respect, he over-rated his talents, his piety, or his services. *When or where* did he ever manifest a feeling that he was not held high enough among his brethren ; or show a tenacious adherence to honours that might belong to him, or exhibit a proud and intolerant spirit if those honours were not accorded. We well know that with him it was far otherwise. He was so evidently unassuming and humble, that he was ever willing to engage in the lowest services if he could only follow out the generous impulses of his heart, to do good to the souls of men.

“At the present day, when there is so much love of pre-eminence, and so much strife for influence, it is refreshing to find a public man who is clothed with humility ; a disinterested, guileless man, who cares less for his own things than for the things of Christ.

“And then, in the last place, let me say, that it would be difficult to find a man of more unquestioned piety and sterling goodness. I do not mean to say that he was a perfect man. He had his faults and imperfections,—and who has not, in this imperfect scene ? But his faults and imperfections consisted chiefly of eccentricities, which in no way destroyed the manifest goodness of his disposition and character. The evidence he gave of this was that to which the scriptures attach the highest importance, viz., a life devoted to the service of God, and regu-



lated by the precepts of the gospel. His pious affections were both strong and ardent, and yet they were regulated by wisdom and discretion. I know not whether he was more distant from extravagance and enthusiasm, or from coldness and indifference. His religion was a steady, active, holy principle, and not a passionate excitement. He walked with God. He lived by faith upon the Saviour, and sought his highest pleasure in the active service of the Redeemer. In a word, his life was one of supreme devotedness to the will of God, and the undying interests of men."

The Rev. P. SCOTT, his oldest ministerial friend, —after an acquaintanceship of about forty years—as he stood over the dead body of his departed brother, thus spake to the crowd assembled at his funeral: "When I think of him in reference to myself, I am ready to exclaim, 'Howl, fir tree; for the cedar is fallen.' Truly he was a cedar in Lebanon, in comparison with us; some of us, at least, who are but as the common trees of the wood. And when I speak of him to others, I am ready to say, 'Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?' He was, indeed, a spiritual prince, who had power with God and with man; and who wrestled with the angel, and prevailed. He was a prince among princes, and a ruler among the rulers of Israel. He was not only a teacher of the people, but a teacher of the teachers, in the colleges both of Bradford and

Accrington. With all the outward lowliness of his appearance, he was a truly great man. His humility exalted him; his meekness and gentleness made him great. He hated and despised alike all affectation of greatness, and all real meanness. He had a noble spirit of magnanimity, and a true spirit of independence. He could not stoop to flatter, nor to court praise.

‘Unpracticed he to fawn or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashion’d to the varying hour.’

It has been said, ‘No man is a hero in his bed-chamber;’ but that was not true of him. His character was not assumed, put on like sacerdotal garments, and therefore could not be put off; it was inherent and genuine, and therefore everywhere the same. His fellowship was truly with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ; and that high communion elevated his soul; so that never were the beautiful words of Cowper more applicable than in his case:—

‘When one who holds communion with the skies  
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,  
And once more mingles with us meaner things,  
’Tis e’en as if an angel shook his wings:  
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,  
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.’

He diffused a sweet savour of divine things, and the name of Jesus came from him as ointment poured forth. He was so watchful and circumspect, through the whole course of his life, that he never

gave the least occasion for scandal, or the suspicion of it; and the foul breath of calumny itself never for a moment dimmed the pure mirror of his spotless reputation. Without fear of contradiction, I say this in the midst of his friends, who were most intimately acquainted with him, and amongst whom he lived and laboured for upwards of forty years. I would say it in the face of his enemies too, but he had none: like Demetrius, he had a good report of all men, and of the truth itself. Yes, and we also bear record, and ye know that our record is true.

He was not only eminent for piety, but also for talents and learning. He had a clear, capacious, and vigorous mind, and a most tenacious memory; and he stored them with all kinds of useful information, especially such as bore on the interests of religion, and the ministry of the glorious gospel. He was a ripe scholar, both in the learning of the Jews and of the Gentiles. Besides the learned languages, he could read German, French, and Italian; and was especially proficient in Hebrew, and he could write it like a learned Jew. He wrote a letter in that language to Frey, the author of the Hebrew Lexicon, who said it was the first he had ever received from a Gentile. He also wrote a hymn in it, on baptism; which, he said, he hoped might be sung on the banks of the Jordan, when the Jews would be brought in with the fulness of the Gentiles.

"He dug deep into the mines of wisdom and knowledge ; not to enrich or ornament himself, but to build up and adorn the sanctuary. He consecrated all to the service of God, and made it all bear on the ministry of the word. The Bible, especially was the subject of his constant and deep meditation. If, as Luther says, 'a good textuary is a good divine,' he was one ; for he had the Bible almost all by heart. He was a divine of the real Puritanic stamp, or rather of the true apostolic succession. He had the true apostolic doctrine, spirit, and manner of life. He drank into the spirit, and copied the example, of the true and eminent servants of God of every age. He had the learning of Moses, the integrity of Samuel, the zeal of Elijah, and the devotional spirit of David ; and, like him, he sang to his harp, or rather, made melody in his heart to the Lord ; for he had neither ear nor voice for music, yet there was harmony in his soul. He had also a touch of poetic genius ; and has left some things in that form which bid fair for immortality ; particularly one of his hymns, which embodies some of the purest, sweetest feelings of human nature, and will not therefore be willingly let die :

‘A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.’

I allude to "The Christian's Farewell," which has been a great favourite with more denominations than his own ; and which he had the satisfaction of hearing sung in one of the towns of France, as he passed through its streets.

"If not a splendid orator, he was no empty declaimer ; and had not a particle of bombast in his discourses. The sense was always greater than the sound. Had his ear and his voice been better attuned, and his language been equal to his thoughts, he would have taken a higher stand, both as a speaker and a writer. Such as he was, take him all in all, we shall not soon look upon his like again.

We would not for a moment be understood as conveying the idea that our departed brother was free from all imperfections—far from it. Nothing could be more abhorrent to his own mind. He knew too well the plague of his own heart for that, and mourned it deeply before God. But we would glorify God in him ; and exalt that grace to which he owed everything that was good in him or about him. He was, therefore, ever ready to say : 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' But that grace was exceeding abundant towards him with faith and love which are in Christ Jesus. He had an entire reliance on the blood and righteousness of Christ for pardon and acceptance with God ; and, having walked with God through life, his end was peace. He had but a short sickness, and tasted very little of the bitterness of death. He knew whom he had believed. At evening time it was light. His sun went down without a cloud, in a clear and serene sky, broadened and brightened as it descended, giving token of a bright rising in a

better world. 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.'"

Looking at Mr. Harbottle's character as a whole, we may, without the least exaggeration, apply to him the description which Cowper gives of his most valued ministerial friend ; for he truly was

"A vet'ran warrior in the Christian field,  
 Who never saw the sword he could not wield :  
 Grave without dulness, learned without pride,  
 Exact, yet not precise ; though meek, keen-eyed.  
 A man who would have foiled at their own play  
 A dozen would-bes of the modern day :  
 Who, when occasion justified its use,  
 Had wit as bright as ready to produce :  
 Could fetch from records of an earlier age,  
 Or from philosophy's enlight'ned page,  
 His rich materials, and regale your ear  
 With strains it was a privilege to hear ;  
 Yet, above all, his luxury supreme,  
 And his chief glory was the gospel theme ;  
 There he was copious as old Greece or Rome,  
 His happy eloquence seem'd there at home :  
 Ambitious not to shine or to excel,  
 But to treat justly what he loved so well.  
 Though time will wear us, and we must grow old,  
 Such men are not forgot as soon as cold ;  
 Their fragrant mem'ry will outlast their tomb,  
 Embalmed for ever in its own perfume."

## SELECTIONS FROM LITERARY REMAINS.

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### THE MEANS OF REVIVAL.

Some have assigned as a reason for the slow progress of Baptist Churches, our adherence to what we deem the will of God, in regard to the ordinance of Baptism. Against this notion we solemnly protest. The world may indeed despise the ordinance and us for our obedience to it; but our prosperity depends not on the favour of the world, but on the presence and power and blessing of Almighty God. It is utterly absurd to suppose, that our mode of attending to baptism is agreeable to the divine will, and, at the same time to imagine that *this act of obedience* is any reason why the Holy Spirit does not afford us more tokens of his presence. Indeed, we know that when this ordinance is attended to with solemnity and strict propriety, it is often made the means of awakening the conscience; for whatever presents before men the decision of christian character and the separation of Christ's disciples from the world and their

solemn consecration to their Lord, has a direct and powerful tendency to produce conviction in the minds of others. Our regard to this ordinance gives our denomination a DECIDED ADVANTAGE in promoting revival, as the state of our churches in America already proves, and we doubt not, if present hindrances be removed, our progress in Britain will soon prove the same. Let any that believe Baptism a hindrance to us, at once depart from our camp, and, like the faint-hearted men of Gideon, return to their homes.

The real hindrances of revival we believe to be, want of concern about the matter—the PREVALENCE OF UNBELIEF—a wordly and covetous disposition in professors—forgetfulness of personal obligation to glorify Christ and win souls to him—want of discipline, sometimes—disaffection towards each other, too often—improper partiality to *some* doctrines, to the neglect of *others* equally scriptural and important—FORMALITY and IRREVERENCE in the service of the GREAT GOD—a censorious, captious, criticising spirit—a selfish disposition, living to *ourselves* and to the *world*, instead of living to the LORD—living for *time* and *not* for *eternity*. This, brethren, is the legion that has possessed our Zion, and which causes her, like the man mentioned in the gospel, to wander among the tombs surrounded by dreariness and desolation. Let the power of Jesus be sought by prayer, with fasting and humiliation, to cast out THESE DEMONS.



let our churches sit down at the feet of Jesus, clothed in garments unspotted by the world, and in their right mind, and then see if our Lord will not send us to spread his fame through the land. Let us at once adopt the resolution of the first Christians; "none of us liveth to himself and none of us dieth to himself; but, whether we live, we live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we die unto the Lord;" let us for once fully regard ourselves as dead to sin and to the world, in the death of our surety, and our life *no more our own* but *his* who died in our stead—then, "the little one shall become a thousand and the small one a strong nation."

In connexion with what is said already, we recommend that you all be punctual and constant, to the utmost, in your attendance on worship, public, social, and private. Set apart times for humiliation and prayer with sincerity before God. Hold special services on the Lord's day, for the avowed purpose of seeking the conversion of sinners, by united, fervent prayer and exhortation from your minister, or others whose minds may be stirred up by the Holy Spirit. Say not that such services would be out of order. If you be resolved to indulge formality, by the everlasting round of a dull and hackneyed order, at the expense of suffering souls to slumber on in their sins, then, enquire no further about the means of revival. *The most important order is that which most effectually*

*breaks up the fallow ground, removes the thorns, and scatters the seed with the greatest success.* Churches that seek revival, must shew hospitality to strangers, and give encouragement to hopeful enquirers. Gifted brethren, whose characters are honourable and their labours likely to be useful, ought to be encouraged in coming forward to the help of the Lord. Brotherly union and intercourse with neighbouring churches, should be studiously cultivated; and a readiness manifested, to aid in promoting the kingdom of Christ everywhere. A church shut up in selfish desires of prosperity at home, to the neglect of the cause of religion abroad—unwilling to contribute to objects of general utility, through fear of being impoverished at home—reluctant to allow its minister to assist elsewhere, lest its own little corner of the vineyard should be neglected—a church indulging a contracted, lonely, selfish spirit, is sure to dwindle and decay; while those that are ever solicitous to send the gospel to the regions beyond, shall be guarded and blessed by the keeper of Israel, and adorned with the beauty of a heavenly spring and the fertility of a spiritual harvest.

While ministers *officially*, and churches *collectively*, may use means to produce revival, the means within the power of CHRISTIANS INDIVIDUALLY, are also of the highest importance. Your first concern is, to cherish a spiritual frame of mind—a lively personal religion—to have your graces

revived daily by repeated applications to Him out of whose fulness we receive grace for grace. Remember that the vows of God are upon you, and walk circumspectly. Remember that your whole persons, in body, soul, and spirit, belong to Christ; and that your great, your only business on earth, is, to glorify him that lived and died for you. Often think of the love of God to you—your obligations of gratitude to him—and of the bliss of those that shall meet him with joy in the great day. Reflect also on the vast, the inconceivable joy of meeting, in that day, some that you have been the means of turning to righteousness, who shall be your joy and crown of rejoicing. The poorest and feeblest christian whose heart glows with desire to turn sinners unto God, shall not labour in vain. But alas! there is a remarkable backwardness and slothfulness in this respect, among a large proportion of religious professors. They live, for years, on intimate terms with their unconverted neighbours and relations; they converse freely with them about worldly concerns, yet never open their lips to them upon the momentous concerns of the soul. Why is this? If your neighbour or your relative were in danger of losing his property or his life, and if you, foreseeing the danger, should neglect to give timely notice, you would be regarded by the whole community as exceedingly thoughtless or cruel. Is not much of the infidelity and irreligion around you, to be

ascribed to your sinful neglect of your neighbour's soul? Men of the world can reason thus :—"These professed christians may *say* what they please, but they do not really *believe* that we are in danger of going to hell, unless we repent and believe the gospel. If they did, they would certainly shew their love to us by warning us of danger and urging us to flee from the wrath to come. It is very doubtful whether these professors believe there is any heaven or hell at all." Brethren, give them no cause to reason in this manner. If your neighbour is sick, it is deemed unkind not to enquire about him ; and when his soul is sick even unto death, shall you be unconcerned? Men of the world never think it uncivil to introduce to you the subjects of their regard, such as politics, trade, and other worldly affairs ; shall you be backward to introduce the affairs which most concern you—a merchandise which is better than gold—an inheritance incorruptible—a kingdom that shall never pass away? Let your conversation be such as becometh the gospel of Christ. Talk to others of what you hear in the house of God—invite them to attend with you—call on them afterwards—strive to remove their objections and solve their difficulties—pray for them and with them—try to awaken an interest in their minds—be evermore watching for opportunities to benefit their souls. The astonishing success of our brethren in Jamaica, has been greatly promoted by christians going two

and two, to visit their unconverted neighbours—inviting them to the worship of God, then visiting them again, conversing and praying with them, and shewing an earnest concern for their spiritual welfare. “GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE.” You that are heads of families ought to pay especial attention to the religious instruction of your household; and whether you have families committed to your care or not, you may, by zealous activity in Sabbath Schools and Bible Classes, render services that shall tell in eternity. Bible Classes are invaluable as means of revival. Then readily co-operate in every good work, and encourage every plan that accords with scripture, to extend the knowledge of God’s holy word, and of the salvation of Christ. If you wish for revival, be in motion yourself and try to set all around you in motion; let your motto be **ACTIVITY—GENERAL ACTIVITY—CONSTANT ACTIVITY—PERSEVERING ACTIVITY—ACTIVITY IN EVERYTHING GOOD.**

Permit us now to suggest a few plans to the consideration of our christian friends. This we shall do very briefly.

1.—Let all persons engaged in the ministry of the gospel, devote a portion of time every week, at least, for the express purpose of humiliation before God, prayer for his enlightening and quickening Spirit, and solemn enquiry what may be the reason why more souls are not converted by their labours.

2.—Let all churches desiring revival, set apart times for fasting and prayer, confessing their sins, and resolving in divine strength, to maintain a closer fellowship with their Lord :—let them also on the Lord's day, occasionally, instead of the usual preaching, have services publicly announced the week before, for special prayer, that sinners may be converted to God.

3.—Let all churches desiring revival, endeavour to promote solemn and devotional services, especially in prayer meetings. Let them discourage, to the utmost, all long and wordy and rambling prayers. Let those who do not pray in few words and for a definite object, reserve their lengthy devotions for their own closets, remembering that when weariness begins, devotion ends. Discountenance likewise, all thoughtless, irreverent behaviour in the house and service of the blessed God ; and all trifling, censorious conversation among professors, especially such conversation on religious subjects.

4.—Let persons feeling the importance of the subject, form among themselves REVIVAL UNIONS ; solemnly pledging themselves to spend a portion of time every week, either together or alone, in considering what means of usefulness are within their power, and in praying for the influence of the Holy Spirit.

5.—Let christians retrench their expenditure of property in superfluities, and turn these savings into channels of benevolence and usefulness.

6.—Instead of social parties for trifling or worldly conversation, let all that are living for eternity, have their social intercourse sanctified by the word of God and prayer; and thus convert visits of friendship into means of everlasting good.

7.—Let all christians that wish to finish their earthly course with joy and to have abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of their Lord,—determine to spend a life of self-denial here below; making every sacrifice that duty may require, so that Christ may be glorified in them whether in life or death; using every talent and every *fraction* of a talent, for this great purpose.

*Finally*, never make any complaint, either to God or man, concerning the low state of religion in any church or individual whatever, without stedfastly purposing at the same time, and diligently attempting, in the strength of the Lord, to do what in you lies, for removing the evil of which you complain. Without this, all complaining, whether in conversation, or hymns or prayers, is mockery. Perhaps three words would comprise all that is needful as the means of revival:—NEVER MOCK GOD. So long as we continue to insult the Almighty by inquiries and complaints, to the neglect of the means which he has placed within our power, we may continue to enquire and complain, but *shall not revive*. Brethren, *never waste time* by enquiring, again and again, what are the means of revival, *till you have tried the effect of*

*all the means of which you do know.* Never waste time by waiting to see others begin a good work ; but, expecting great things, attempt the utmost usefulness of which your capacity and opportunity may render you capable ; and, if others do not precede let them follow. How many have meant well, and done nothing, and lost the prize with lingering ! How many buried talents cause the lamentation of souls that cannot return to complain ! “Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O, Zion ; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city—shake thyself from the dust and sit on high—loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion. Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O arm of the Lord ; awake, as in the ancient days in the generations of old. REVIVE THY WORK in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years MAKE KNOWN ; IN WRATH REMEMBER MERCY.”



## THE DUTY OF CHRISTIANS TO TAKE CARE OF EACH OTHER'S CHARACTER.

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Almost every one will admit the truth of Solomon's statement, that character is a species of exceedingly valuable property. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." A fair, unsullied character, attended with the respect and esteem of those around us, may often contribute more to our temporal advantage and inward comfort, than any amount of mere earthly wealth could possibly do. And if the man who by fraud or theft unjustly deprives his neighbour of a few pounds, or even of a few shillings, is stigmatized—perhaps tried and punished for his dishonesty; why should those escape the due measure of indignation, who by slander or detraction rob their neighbours of what is more valuable than gold or diamonds?

Even the heathen, in those dark ages of ignorance at which God winked, were taught by the dim glow-worm light of the moral principle within them, to perceive the pernicious nature and mischievous consequences of calumny. The oldest uninspired historian whose works are extant, introduces a counsellor of the king of Persia addressing him to

this effect : “Slander is indeed a dire evil wherein *two* unite to injure *one*. He who utters slander wrongs another, for he accuses one who is absent ; and he who listens to it wrongs him, by assenting to a statement of which he has no certainty ; the absent man then receives a double injury, being defamed by one and ill thought of by the other.”

The ancient Romans, in the best days of their republic, are said to have passed very stringent laws against defamation of a virtuous person, punishing capitally any one that unjustly took away his reputation. If such is the protest of natural conscience in vindication of the character, we may reasonably expect to find the word of God inculcating on all to whom it comes, a sacred regard of the characters, as well as the persons and property of their fellow-men. Nor are we mistaken in entertaining this expectation. The laws of Moses, the instructive songs of David, the wise maxims of Solomon, the solemn admonitions of the Prophets, and the holy precepts of the Lord Jesus by his Spirit in the Apostles, alike teach us to guard against these sins of the tongue, by which the characters of our brethren would suffer injury.

The sins of the tongue are exceedingly numerous and diversified. One distinct class of them, or more, may be found under nearly every letter of the alphabet. It has been truly and pithily said, that “the tongue is an organ fitted for God’s praise, but the devil too often plays upon it.” How

affecting to think of, that the instrument which is adapted to become the glory of our bodily frame, in diffusing the knowledge and celebrating the perfections of our Creator and Redeemer, should, beyond all others, become the instrument of malignity and sin ! Thus our glory is turned into shame. How deeply affecting that the wonderful provision which so much manifests the wisdom and goodness of God, in furnishing man with the power, by means of sound, to convey thoughts and emotions to his fellow-man, and making the air a swift messenger to carry those thoughts and emotions to hundreds and thousands at once,—that this provision, we say, should be perverted to diffuse the baleful poison of depravity in every direction ! Brethren, the use or the abuse of the tongue is a savour of life unto life, or of death unto death. “What man is he that desireth life, and loveth days that he may see good ? **KEEP THY TONGUE FROM EVIL, AND THY LIPS FROM SPEAKING GUILT.**”

The sins of the tongue, which more especially are likely to injure the character of others, may be arranged under three classes ; namely, **RAILING**, **SLANDER**, and **DETRACTION**. As to the first of these, a passing mention may suffice. *Railing* is the utterance of reviling or wrongful reproach in abusive language, either to its object when present, or at least in an open, undisguised manner. Now we cannot affirm that no instances of this vice are

found among professors of religion ; that they never, by their tongues or their pens, use words of reviling or railing to others. But we think, such instances are comparatively rare, or belong to an age less civilized than the present. Most religious professors would deem it beneath them, to use language which seems to have been learned in the lowest grades of society. There may be much ill nature expressed in reviling language, and an attempt to injure character ; but it generally defeats its own purpose, if the person against whom it is directed has only sufficient meekness and christian prudence to follow the example of his Lord, “who when he was reviled, reviled not again.” Public opinion, and common sense and decency, generally furnish a sufficient check to restrain this evil.

SLANDER and DETRACTION are the two vices by which character is most dangerously assailed. Both these are condemned by the spirit of the ninth commandment, which enjoins, with the authority of God ; “THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS AGAINST THY NEIGHBOUR.” Slander and Detraction are certainly very much alike, and either word may at times be loosely used for the other. But speaking more correctly, there is this distinction between them ; *Slander is the unjust imputation of that which is evil ; Detraction is the unjust diminution of that which is good*, in another’s character. If we unjustly attribute indolence, pride, avarice, falsehood or any other vice, to our neighbour, we are guilty of

slander. If we deny the existence of his real virtues, or endeavour to depreciate them wrongfully, we are guilty of detraction. These two however are dictated by the same spirit, and aim to effect the same purpose, and are often intermingled in every sort of defamation. When Satan, attempting to deceive our first mother, imputed falsehood to God, saying, "Ye shall not surely die;" it was the language of slander: and when he suggested that the reason why they were prohibited from eating of the forbidden fruit was, lest they should become wise, there was a most impudent attempt to detract from God's beneficence of character. The language of the same adversary concerning Job, is of the same sort. "Doth Job fear God for nought?" Here is detraction. "Put forth thy hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face." Here is slander. Hence Satan bears the name *Diabolos*—*Devil*—**SLANDERER.**

It may not be improper here more particularly to remark, that the most odious term by which it has pleased the Holy Spirit to designate the prince of darkness and his infernal companions,—the very term from which our word "devil" is derived,—signifies a slanderer, one that smites through or stabs the character. And precisely the same word is used in 1 Tim. iii. 11; 2 Tim. iii. 3; and Tit. ii. 3; translated "slanderers," "false accusers," literally *diabolos*, devils. Surely nothing more is

needful to shew the extreme odium which the Holy Spirit of God casts on the sin of slander, than the fact that he uses the same word to designate both infernal fiends and slanderers.

You will perceive therefore, brethren, the importance of guarding against this odious sin, and whatever borders on the nature of slander ; whether it may affect your Christian brethren or others. Your resolution, however, directs our attention more especially to “the duty of Christians to take care of *each other's* character.”

It seems taken for granted that a Christian is bound to take care of his *own* character. To himself his character is of great value. A good name, when it can be maintained along with a good conscience, ought to be prized as one of the best of earthly blessings. In the possession of it there is much inward satisfaction. A fair, untarnished reputation renders its possessor more serviceable in promoting the cause of God, and the general welfare of mankind. It is compared to the precious ointment : all the natural gifts and talents are perfumed by it. A fragrant character becomes, therefore, a powerful recommendation to all that we may do or say for promoting the good of others. And, besides the advantage which a good character affords to benefit others, it greatly contributes to a man's own advancement and steadfastness in every thing virtuous and excellent. The man that feels he has no character to lose, will be far more likely

to comply with temptations to evil, than he who knows he has a valuable character which he cannot afford to cast away. Hence the reply of Nehemiah, when urged to the cowardly desertion of the good cause in which his heart was engaged: "Shall such a man as I flee?" Every right-minded Christian will be careful to preserve an unblemished reputation; for those who care not what others say, are likely soon not to care what they themselves do. The man that contemns his own character, is likely soon to despise his own virtue. "See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools but as wise."

The man that disregards this admonition, and is reckless about his own reputation, expecting that others will take better care of it than he himself does, is foolish; and can justly expect nothing better than suspicion and censure. The mariner who is too heedless to guard against the reefs that are plainly marked in his chart, ought not to complain of the wreck that ensues; and the unwatchful Christian, whose heedless conduct induces the suspicion that he is not sincere, can scarcely complain if he be regarded as a hypocrite.

But we understand as implied, that Christians are careful of their own characters; then, brethren, we maintain that it is the solemn and sacred duty of all other Christians to take care of such characters.

The character may be assailed and injured, either openly by reviling or railing words spoken to the

person himself, or in his presence ; but of this sort of injury the hazard is comparatively small : or covertly, by what is expressly termed BACKBITING ; and probably ninety-nine one-hundredths of the injury done to character, must be attributed to this practice. Every one acquainted with the scriptures, may remember how frequently both reviling and backbiting are censured by the word of God. The father of the eminent commentator, Matthew Henry, used to apply to backbiters the command ; “Thou shalt not curse the deaf ;” for he thought an *absent* man was always *deaf*.

This exemplary man, on one occasion, in reply to the inquiries of a friend, was beginning to relate a story which would have reflected discredit on some parties, when he suddenly checked himself ; “But,” said he, “our rule is to speak evil of no man :” and he could not be induced to proceed in the story any further. O that the rule of Philip Henry, in this matter, were more generally regarded ; for verily it is the command of the great God our Saviour and our Judge eternal ! Unless as an act of pure duty, and to remedy the evil, or to secure discipline, (and then in the spirit of love), our rule ought invariably to be, “SPEAK EVIL OF NO MAN.”

Evil-speaking of the absent is cowardly, mean, and dishonourable. The late Dr. Waugh, of London, was once in a company of ministers, when the bad conduct of a brother in the ministry became the subject of conversation ; and every one besides the



Doctor, joined warmly in condemning him. Dr. W. sat for a time silent. At length he said; "My dear friends, surely we are not acting in accordance with our profession. The person you speak of is one of ourselves, and we ought not to blow the coal. But do you know that he is as bad a man as he is represented? And if he is, will railing against him do any good? IT IS COWARDLY TO SPEAK ILL OF A MAN BEHIND HIS BACK; and I doubt if any of us would have sufficient courage, if our poor friend were to appear among us, to sit down and kindly tell him of his faults."—One day a person called on Dr. Waugh, having travelled several miles to bring an evil report about another member of the congregation. Some friends being that day to dine with the Doctor, he invited this tale-bearer to stay and dine with them. After dinner he humorously asked each person in turn, how far he had ever known a man travel to tell an evil report of his neighbour; when some gave one reply, and some another. He at last came to this individual; but without waiting for his reply, or unnecessarily exposing him, he stated that he had lately met with a Christian professor apparently so zealous for the honour of the church, as to walk fourteen miles with no other object than that of making known to his minister the failings of a brother member. He then impressively spoke in praise of that charity which "rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

Falsehood is a thing so contrary to every principle of Christian morality, that we would willingly believe no one, that has really become a new creature in Christ, can ever wilfully fabricate an absolute falsehood to injure the character of any one. For if we have put off the old man with his deeds, we cannot be of those that make and love a lie, whose end shall be according to their works. It is however quite possible that a professed disciple of Jesus—(perhaps a real one)—may aid in circulating a slanderous lie which has been forged elsewhere, and which, in the end, is found altogether void of truth. Now we would ask, brethren, whether in such a case, the publisher of a totally false and injurious report, does not render himself a partaker in the sin? He may not know that the report is false, neither can he know that it is true. In any such case the spreader of a false slander, though perhaps exempt from the guilt of the lie, is unquestionably a sharer in the guilt of the slander: and this consideration is enough to make us careful about the reports that we spread.

But it is not by absolute falsehood that the most injury is done to character; for the more barefaced and unqualified the lie, there is the less danger of its ultimate and lasting effect. The chief and most pernicious weapons of DETRACTION are, MISREPRESENTATION, INSINUATION, DISPARAGEMENT, and SARCASM.

Misrepresentation, taking its stand on real words

or actions, seems to occupy the ground of truth, while it presents those words or actions in a false light or with a false colouring, and thus effectually does the work of a falsehood. Thus the Jews perverted and distorted the words of Christ which he spake concerning the temple of his body, and brought against him a false accusation. Let all Christians studiously avoid viewing the conduct of others through the medium of prejudice or passion; for when we view words or actions through such a medium, they are sure to be misrepresented to our own minds; and then we are apt to misrepresent them to others. As the most lovely field or garden, clothed in the beauty of spring, when beheld through a thin blue glass, seems covered with the frosts and dreariness of winter.

Insinuation often conveys slander in a way the most cautious and subtle; and, at the same time, the most dangerous. It affirms nothing—far otherwise;—it only asks or suggests. “Shall Christ come out of Galilee? Is not this the carpenter? Have any of the rulers believed on Him?” These and similar questions seem very innocent ones, but they are dictated by pride and prejudice, and adapted to insinuate that Christ’s origin was contemptible, and his pretensions absurd. While open falsehood and calumny approach with the rush and roar of the lion, insinuation comes with the gentle creep and the whispered hiss of the serpent; and like the serpent, venomous.

By disparagement, we mean more particularly that form of detraction which aims to represent others as low or despicable; not altogether in a moral point of view, but more especially in reference to their amount of knowledge or their competency for the stations which they may occupy. Of this sort were the unkind remarks made at Corinth concerning the apostle Paul. His letters they admitted were weighty—BUT—“his bodily presence was weak and his speech contemptible.” Ministers are especially liable to be injured in their usefulness by unkind remarks in reference to their doctrine—their small abilities—their defective style or slight errors of pronunciation, and the like. Even ministers themselves, who ought to be examples in conversation, as well as in faith and in purity, *do not always* avoid the language of disparagement concerning their brethren. And parents, by unguarded expressions of this sort in their families, throw a great obstruction in the way of their children’s spiritual welfare. The late celebrated William Hone relates that, when a child, he heard his father and some others speaking in very censorious terms concerning a minister who differed from them in some points of doctrine. A little while after, he happened to be sitting in the house of his sick schoolmistress, when the minister whom he had heard so censured, called to visit her. The presence, the prayer, and the conversation, of the minister, seemed so different from what he had

supposed, that, though only about eight years of age, he then resolved *never more to believe* what his father said on matters of religion, or what he might hear at chapel. This was his first step in a long; thirty years' career of infidelity, amounting almost if not altogether to atheism, from which in his latter years he was through grace reclaimed. But this fact speaks volumes, and we hope will not be forgotten.

It may seem almost unnecessary to allude to the injury done to character by a thing so trivial as sarcasm. The effect of sarcastic expressions is, however, by no means trivial. The portion of wit usually mingled in such expressions, gives them buoyancy and diffusion. Like the seeds of thistles, they fly abroad with mischievous effect. We do not of course refer to sarcasm, as legitimately used to set forth the absurdity of gross error or delusive folly; but when used for the purpose of assailing individual reputation, either of the living or of the dead. It then becomes one of the favourite instruments of detraction. In the memoir of the amiable daughter of the late celebrated Baron Cuvier, it is said, "Never was a more benevolent disposition united with greater intellectual riches; her countenance beamed with delight when a good action was related; but when satire or unkindness ventured to exhibit itself in her presence, she heard it with a thoughtful air, as if she did not understand what it meant—it was the only subject which

seemed to be beyond her comprehension." Happy if the same could be said of all that profess the religion of Jesus !

These, brethren, are the most common means by which persons do harm to the characters of each other ; and, to convince you that it is your duty to avoid doing such injury, and so far as possible to hinder others from doing it, we entreat you seriously to ponder the following considerations.

1.—*The spiritual unity subsisting among the people of God, requires them to take care of each other's character.* This unity is represented as not merely that of a nation, an army, a flock, or a family ; but more intimate still, that of one building, one vine, and one body. We need not pursue the application of this argument. How incongruous for the ear to vilify the eye, or for the hand to vilify the foot ! Can the person who calumniates any part of the mystical body of Christ, be a partaker of that one Holy Spirit which animates the whole body ?

2.—*The great law of brotherly love, so emphatically taught by the example and precept of the Saviour, requires that we should have care for each other's character.* "This," said he, "is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you." (John xv. 12.) The only way in which it can be at all lawful for a Christian to speak evil of his brethren, is when he does it in the spirit of love ; and when he can sincerely wish that, under similar

*circumstances, they would in like manner speak evil of him.*

3.—*The importance and value of peace in the Churches of Christ, is another reason that shews our duty to take care of each other's character.* Without peace we cannot expect comfort or prosperity in the churches; and peace is impossible where slander and detraction, talebearing and backbiting prevail. Solomon has said, "Where there is no talebearer the strife ceaseth." The talebearer, then, brings the fuel and stirs up the unhallowed fire of strife. **KEEP HIM OUT, AND THE STRIFE DIES AWAY.**

4.—*The effect which a due weight of character has in promoting the furtherance of the gospel, is a very important reason why Christians should be careful, not only of their own character, but of each other's likewise:* because, whatever is taken away from the reputation of Christians, is a corresponding diminution of the power of doing good. "Let your light shine before men."—"Ye are the light of the world."

5.—*In addition to all these reasons, the positive guilt and sinfulness attending a reckless treatment of the character of fellow Christians, must not be overlooked.* Sin is the transgression of the law, and the law is: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so to them." Just speak of your neighbours and Christian brethren, as you could reasonably wish them, in similar

circumstances, to speak of you, and you will not greatly err in this matter.

Perhaps you will ask, are we then to be entirely silent about the bad conduct of others? Must we take no notice of it whatever? Must we absolutely avoid all mention of it? No, brethren, this is not our meaning. If others do wrong, you are doing right in seeking to have the evil corrected. But all mention of the bad conduct of others must include four things to render it justifiable. 1.—Certainty that we speak the real truth. 2.—That we speak in the spirit of love both to God and our neighbour. 3.—That we speak in the right manner to have the evil corrected, or to prevent its recurrence.\* 4.—That we speak from a conviction that we are called on to give our testimony. If the first is wanting, our report is slanderous, or at least it may be so. If the second, we are not acting a part essentially better than the person whom we blame. If the third or fourth requisite be wanting, our wisdom is to be silent, since our words will do no good. But when all these are combined, it is unquestionably our duty to state the truth, though the report be an evil one; as Joseph did concerning his brethren, and as prophets, apostles, and evangelists, did concerning the men of their times.

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\* “Moreover, if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between him and thee alone.” (Matthew xviii. 15.) If this divine rule were acted on, not a few of the evils complained of would be entirely prevented.



Dear brethren, in reflecting on what has been already advanced, may we not all penitentially acknowledge that we have spoken unadvisedly with our lips? "We are verily guilty concerning our brother." Let us henceforward walk in the light; and apply to that precious atoning fountain of the blood of Jesus, which alone can cleanse us from the guilt of sinful words, as well as sinful deeds and thoughts.

Permit us therefore, in closing this letter, to suggest a few practical rules which may be of service to such as would take care of the character of their fellow Christians.

Be on your guard against talking too much, and especially against talking without consideration:—what Jeremy Taylor calls "the ocean of words with a drop of understanding." "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin."

Avoid needlessly occupying your minds with the concerns of others. Paul speaks of "idle busybodies;" (1 Tim. v. 13.) and no contradiction either. Such are idle about their own proper concerns, and busy about the things in which they have no concern.

Assiduously study the advancement of yourselves and others in the divine life, in conformity to the example of Jesus, and obedience to the will of God.

Let your heart and head, your hands and tongue, be fully employed in diffusing the knowledge of Christ.

Be wisely silent, or specially watchful, if at any time you happen to be cast in the company of the loquacious and the censorious.

Shun all vain desire of appearing peculiarly witty or sagacious.

Consider yourselves bound in honour and generosity to defend, so far as may be, the characters of the absent.

And constantly endeavour to realize the presence of God; that you may speak words fit to be listened to by the ear of Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Purity.

While striving to live in all honest conversation and godliness, and to keep a conscience void of offence before God and man, you may yourselves suffer reproach and calumny; yea, perhaps, on account of your adherence to what you believe the will of God, you may be assailed by misrepresentation, insinuation, disparagement, and sarcasm. But remember that your Lord has said; "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you FALSELY, for my sake." Even an eminent heathen, when told that his enemies were speaking evil of him, calmly replied, "It is no matter; I will live so that none shall believe them." The malice of ill tongues cast upon a good man, is only like a mouthful of smoke blown upon a diamond; which though for the moment it may cloud its beauty, is soon gone, and the gem shines forth with its

former brilliancy ! “If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye ; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you.” The day is hastening which is called the manifestation of the sons of God. Meet then the obloquy of the world in the true spirit of His children, that is, in the meek spirit of Jesus, and you may rest well assured

“That glorious hour, that dreadful day,  
Wipes the reproach of saints away.”

Those characters which come forth with honour from the scrutiny of the last judgment, will remain spotless for ever. The inhabitants of the New Jerusalem who have “washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the LAMB,” shall through eternity walk in those streets which are “pure gold like transparent glass,” and their white robes will remain unsullied. Their “inheritance is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away ;” and their pure and serene atmosphere of holy love, can never be tainted by the breath of calumny.



## P O E T R Y .

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### EVENING.

How sweet is the breeze, as it wafts through the trees,  
 While the meadows look smiling and gay ;  
 The myriads of flies from their slumbers arise,  
 And dance in the sun's setting ray.

The buzz of the bee, and the bird on the tree,  
 And the hum of the village I hear :  
 Afar from the noise, I partake of my joys,  
 And think it is good to be here.

What though I'm alone, yet attended by One  
 Whose presence shall never depart :  
 The Lord of the sky has me still in his eye,  
 My name is engraved on his heart.

O vast condescension, too wondrous to mention,  
 Were it not for the promises given :  
 His certain direction, his gracious protection,  
 Shall bring me in safety to heaven.

His work my employ, his plaudit my joy,  
 While I dwell in this valley of tears :  
 His summons I wait, for the change of my state,  
 When completed the term of my years.

Midst tumults alarming, and gaities charming,  
 Unmov'd the right path I'll pursue ;  
 Till, finished life's story, the regions of glory  
 With rapture immortal I view.

O that, like this scene, so bright and serene,  
 My last setting sun may go down ;  
 Then reaching the skies, where no darkness shall rise,  
 I shall add a faint gem to his crown.

### THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF MY FATHER'S DEATH.

AND can I forget thee, my father, though sleeping,  
 Cold, silent, and dark, in thy bed of decay ?  
 Ah no ! I remember that morning of weeping,  
 Though three heavy years have roll'd round since that day.

That morning of weeping, when on thy couch lying,  
 Thy body was moveless, and glassy thine eye ;  
 By hoarse gaspings measur'd, thy moments were flying :  
 Ah, who can describe ! 'twas a father must die.

'Twas a father must die ; and we watched by thy pillow :  
 Thy children were soon to behold thee no more.  
 Each gasp seemed the roll of a boisterous billow,  
 That hasten'd thee forward, and broke on the shore.

Thy vessel, which long by the storm had been toss'd,  
 Though wreck'd on the coast, yet the cargo was sure ;  
 The tempest subsided, the river was cross'd,  
 The treasure was landed, the soul was secure.

We moist'ned thy lips, and we sat by and gaz'd ;  
 We watch'd every motion, we heard every breath ;  
 Till closed were the eyes which so long had been glaz'd,  
 And the sigh, softly heav'd, left thee sleeping in death.

Then fast flow'd our tears for a father no longer ;  
 Then fast flow'd our tears as we stood o'er the dead :  
 The light of affection grew brighter and stronger,  
 And beam'd o'er the clay when the spirit had fled.

How often the moon has been waxing and waning ;  
 How often the dawn has been sweet to our sight :  
 But in thy lone tomb one dark winter remaining,  
 Nor sun, moon, nor star, breaks the gloom of thy night.

But fair in my heart is thy picture engraven ;  
 My spirit turns inward, and there I can gaze :  
 And O, may I meet thee triumphant in heaven,  
 Where the sweet smile of glory shall light up thy face.

The years shall roll quickly, and bring the bright morning,  
 When Jesus, thy sun, shall illumine the tomb ;  
 And, robes of perfection our bodies adorning,  
 With all the redeem'd he will summon us home.

When we parted, my father, we parted in sorrow :  
 When we meet, O the joys of that wonderful day :  
 Farewell ! till the dawn of eternity's morrow,  
 When parting and weeping are all done away.

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### L I N E S

*Written at Tottlebank Chapel, August 18th, 1834,—the  
 Tenth Anniversary of my Father's Death.*

FAREWELL ! departed days ;  
 Departed joys, farewell :  
 I linger near the vacant place,  
 And memory loves to tell,  
 While here in solitude I roam,  
 That this dear spot was once my home.

I play'd around this green,  
 In childhood's merriest glee ;  
 Beneath that shade was often seen,  
 And tried to climb that tree.  
 Those days were bright as drops of dew ;  
 But ah ! like dewdrops, transient too.

Often, on yonder road,  
 A parent's form I spied ;  
 And, while my heart with gladness glow'd,  
 Ran prattling by his side ;  
 But ten full years are past this day,  
 Since he forsook his house of clay.

That ancient pulpit stands,  
 Recording well his look,  
 When often there his aged hands  
 Open'd the sacred book ;  
 He told the gift to sinners given,  
 He showed the living way to heaven.

This pew was ours ; and here  
 We heard the word divine ;  
 My sister's seat the farthest there,  
 This, next the door, was mine ;  
 With kindness beaming in her face,  
 My mother took the middle place.

O, were they here to-day !  
 Dear spirits, could you come,  
 And one reviving visit pay,  
 Then all would seem like home.  
 Forgive the thought ! far rather stay  
 Where all your tears are wip'd away.

From your blest seats no more  
 To this vile world return ;  
 You are not lost, but gone before,  
 And we survive to mourn :  
 While ye in bowers of glory rest,  
 And share the joys of myriads blest.

Time, on his rapid car,  
 Hath borne us onward too ;  
 And now the moment is not far,  
 When we shall rest with you.  
 Lord, shed thy powerful love abroad ;  
 Prepare our souls to dwell with God.

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### NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

THERE are faces that once, but no longer are known,  
 Now veild in the shadow of death ;  
 The grass on their sepulchre verdant has grown,  
 While in darkness they wither beneath.

THERE are hearts that I lov'd, and was lov'd in return ;  
 These hearts are now lifeless and still :  
 Their flame of affection hath ceased to burn,  
 Their glow of attachment grown chill.

AH! yet I acknowledge the strength of the ties  
 Which still bind my heart to their tomb ;  
 I linger, I gaze, where the cold body lies,  
 But the lips that spoke sweetly are dumb.

AH ! lost to affection and social delight,  
 The joy of your converse is fled,  
 Like a dream of the morning, or watch of the night,  
 You have pass'd to the house of the dead.



Ah ! lost to the eye, that bedews with its tears,  
 The friends, whose dear intercourse o'er,  
 I mourn : but a whisper sounds quick in my ears,—  
 “Not lost ; but press'd onward before.”

Before, to the home of the just they are gone,  
 And have left the crowd ling'ring below ;  
 They have seen the bright day of eternity dawn,  
 And the tide of felicity flow.

The King in his beauty with joy they behold,  
 Of sorrow no more they complain ;  
 In the city of jasper, whose streets are of gold,  
 Crown'd with gladness immortal they reign.

Like the seraphs enraptur'd, they shine and adore,  
 And wait their companions behind,  
 Each ransomed spirit they hail on the shore,  
 And embrace with affection refin'd.

Then gird up thy loins, and thy journey pursue,  
 Till the summons shall bid thee arise,  
 The face of thy Saviour for ever to view,  
 And meet thy dear friends in the skies.

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### THE CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, my friends beloved !  
 Time passes fleetly ;  
 When moments are improved,  
 Time passes sweetly.  
 In Jesus we are one :  
 When our few years are gone,  
 Before the shining throne  
 We'll meet in glory.

The woes of life we feel,  
 And its temptations ;  
 But let us nobly fill  
 Our proper stations :  
 Soldiers of Christ, hold fast,  
 The war will soon be past ;  
 When victory comes at last,  
 We'll meet in glory.

And oh ! what joys shall crown  
 That happy meeting !  
 We'll bow before the throne,  
 Each other greeting.  
 Refresh'd, again we start,  
 Though for awhile we part,  
 Yet, always join'd in heart,  
 We'll meet in glory.

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### LEFT ALONE.

BEHOLD the leaves, which fade and die,  
 They speak the summer gone :  
 Ah ! listen to that warning cry,  
 When thou art left alone.

In fields, once green with waving grain,  
 The reaper's work is done ;  
 The sheaves are gather'd—none remain—  
 The tares are left alone.

Companions of thy youthful day  
 Are now to Jesus drawn :  
 Hark ! as they pass, they seem to say,  
 Wilt thou be left alone ?

Hope beam'd upon thy early spring ;  
 How bright thy rising shone !  
 Yet others first their off'rings bring :  
 Wilt thou be left alone ?

The world, with all its joys must fade ;  
 The curtain must be drawn ;  
 And *thou*, upon a dying-bed,  
 Shalt soon be left alone.

And oh !—if then no hope appear—  
 No bright, immortal dawn—  
 Will not thy trembling spirit fear  
 To pass the gloom alone ?

In the tremendous judgment day,  
 When the great trump is blown,  
 How canst thou bear to hear Him say,  
 “ Depart”—with fiends alone ?

Ah ! then the harvest would be past !  
 The gracious summer gone—  
 Hope's light for ever overcast—  
 And dark despair alone !

Flee—flee to Christ, with earnest prayer,  
 Behold the open door :  
 Jesus will gather thee with care,  
 AND CLAIM ONE JEWEL MORE.

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### L I N E S

*On the Death of Miss Howorth, of Bacup, who died of  
 Cholera, when on a visit to Liverpool, Aug. 6, 1833.*

BEHOLD the morning flowers arise, all beautiful and gay ;  
 Behold the opening blossoms wave, all dress'd in bright array :  
 So did the fair one we deplore, in youthful vigour bloom ;  
 But ah ! the spoiler Death has borne the fair one to the  
 tomb.

Cheerful and blithe, she leaves her home, her widow'd parent  
leaves ;

She seeks the place where health was found, but there  
disease receives ;

For Death concealed in ambush lay, his youthful prey to seize;  
He shot his fatal arrow there, upon the ocean-breeze.

The fatal arrow deeply pierced—all human efforts fail ;  
Nor youth nor beauty heals the wound ; nor cries nor tears  
avail ;

She sinks—she languishes—she faints—convulsed in pain  
she lies—

Oh ! cruel moments of suspense ! She throbs—she gasps—  
she dies.

Come round her bed, ye fair, ye gay ; ye heedless youth draw  
nigh :

Two days ago in health like you—prepare, prepare to die !  
Where is she now ? and what her thoughts ? Behold the  
lifeless clay !

But whither has the parting soul winged her eternal way ?

Rising from earth, her spirit stands, and takes a long farewell ;  
Oh, could we listen to that voice, and all its language tell !  
Hark ! how she warns each heedless soul ! Hark ! how she  
pleads with you :

Companions of her youth, be wise ; regard her last adieu.

They view'd the mansions of the dead ;\* they trod the  
hollow ground :

“How sad, if one of us,” ’twas said, “should quickly here be  
found.”

“Oh no,” she answered, “no ; I hope we all shall safe  
return.”

Mistaken hope ! *she* finds a grave ; *the rest* survive to mourn.

Ah ! what is life?—a fleeting breath ; a sun that sets at noon ;  
 A flower that droops and fades in death ; a bubble burst  
 and gone ;  
 A morning cloud, that disappears : a fleece of melting snow :  
 Ah ! what is life ? that dying men forget its object so.

For now realities unknown come crowding on her sight ;  
 Her spirit, with ethereal wings, prepares for endless flight ;  
 Now launched for ever on the flood of vast eternity,  
 She goes to stand before her God—that awful face to see.

Companions of her youth, be wise, before your hours are fled ;  
 To-day you move with lightsome step—to-morrow with the  
 dead ;  
 To-day you mingle with the saints, and hear the words of  
 grace—  
 To-morrow, called before your Judge, you meet Him face to  
 face.

You have not waded death's cold stream, but soon must  
 pass the wave :  
 Flee, flee to Jesus ; seek His grace : His arm alone can save.  
 You have not met Him eye to eye, but soon your God shall  
 meet ;  
 Oh ! seek His friendship now in health, then dying will be  
 sweet.

None that have pass'd death's gloomy waves return the way  
 they came,  
 To tell their solemn interview with Him whose eyes are  
 flame.  
 Lord, teach our souls to love thy truth, and fill our hearts  
 with grace,  
 That we may die prepar'd to see, with endless joy, Thy face.

## ON THE DEATH OF MR. J. ENTWISTLE.

How sweet is the rest of the Christian in death,  
 When the sorrowful eyelids are closed ;  
 When the languishing body hath yielded its breath,  
 And the head is for ever reposed.

How placid the countenance, deck'd with a smile,  
 Impress'd by the joy of expiring ;  
 From the world's busy bustle, its cares, and its guile,  
 To the presence of Jesus retiring.

Like a ship on the tempest he long had been toss'd,  
 On the waves of affliction been driven ;  
 But now the rough ocean of trouble is cross'd,  
 He hath anchor'd securely in heaven.

What though the frail vessel is broke by the storm,—  
 In safety is landed the treasure ;  
 And the wreck shall be built a more beautiful form,  
 To sail on the ocean of pleasure.

The tears by the widow and fatherless shed  
 Shall turn to the rapture of greeting ;  
 When joy everlasting encircling their head,  
 The partners in glory are meeting.

## THE DYING SAINT.

Now my earthly days are ending,  
 Quick the last few moments fly ;  
 The bands that held me down are rending ;  
 Now I mount, I mount on high :  
 Wondrous journey,  
 Through the regions of the sky.

Friends belov'd, I see you weeping ;  
 Wipe away the trickling tears :  
 My flesh will soon in Christ be sleeping,  
 And my soul, beyond all fears,  
     Crown'd in glory,  
 There to dwell through endless years.

Yes, I love you, Christian kindred,  
 Lingering still my spirit stays ;  
 By the dear attraction hindered,  
 She her heavenly flight delays :  
     Yet a season,  
 We shall join in endless praise.

O, the God that condescended  
 To redeem a wretch like me !  
 Grace and justice, sweetly blended,  
 When he languish'd on the tree ;  
     I, for ever,  
 Shall his face in glory see.

Now confined to earth no longer,  
 Upward tending to his throne ;  
 Heaven's attractions now grow stronger,  
 By that ray of glory shown.  
     Farewell, kindred !  
 Up to Jesus I am gone.

### TO WILLIAM ANGUS,

*On receiving the news of my Cousin Henry's Baptism.*

My cousin, accept of the warm gratulation,  
 Excited by news which I lately received :  
 Of the house of thy father the last is baptised :  
 Oh ! bless'd be the grace that the work has achieved.

O, may you—a family favour'd so highly—  
 Be borne o'er the waves to the harbour of peace ;  
 And when the rough tempests of life are all vanish'd,  
 Each brother and sister land safely in bliss.

My uncle ! when first the intelligence reach'd thee,  
 As borne by some seraph in haste to the skies,  
 Say, did not thy glorified spirit enraptur'd,  
 All kindling with feelings of ecstasy, rise.

Then, casting thy crown at the feet of thy Saviour,  
 And touching more sweetly the harp of the blest,  
 Rejoice in the prospect of shortly beholding  
 The whole of thine offspring in mansions of rest.

### THE GARDEN.

THE sunbeams were glorious, and bright was the day ;  
 My heart beat with joy, and my spirits were gay :  
 I walked through the fields, and I gaz'd on the trees,  
 And I caught the soft breath of the mild summer breeze.  
 As I pass'd by a garden, delightful and wide,  
 The owner himself near the gate I espied ;  
 His countenance bright with benignity shone,  
 And the sound of his voice gave me pleasure unknown.  
 "Come, trav'ler," he said, "and repose thee awhile ;  
 Come, walk round my borders, and see the flowers smile.  
 You are welcome to view them, and then you may take  
 One flower, and but one, and keep that for my sake."  
 I thanked him, and enter'd ; 'twas charming indeed ;  
 Could Eden such colours, such fragrance exceed ?  
 Advancing, and gazing on each gay parterre,  
 I believed not that earth had such beauties to wear.  
 But which to select from the numbers around,  
 When all vieing in lustre or sweetness are found.



One flower was sufficient, *but* one I desired ;  
 Yet the choice made me linger, and, lingering, tired.  
 A *Sensitive Plant* just bloomed at my side ;  
 I put forth my hand, but its blossom did hide,  
 Its leaves all recoil'd—its attractiveness died.  
 A *Rose* there was, blushing in beauty and bloom ;  
 It wav'd as I pass'd, in delicious perfume ;  
 Its fragrance I lov'd, and its form I rever'd ;  
 But the rose had a thorn, and its sharpness I fear'd.  
 A *Hollyhock* next mov'd aloft in the air ;  
 With its stature and blossoms no flower could compare—  
 Majestic, and florid, and tow'ring on high :  
 I admir'd it, and bow'd, but yet pass'd it by.  
 In a corner secluded, a *Wallflower* bloom'd,  
 And the air circumambient its richness perfum'd.  
 Like an emblem of cordial affection it shone :  
 I confess'd it was lovely, yet still passed on.  
 Lo ! there grew the *Violet*, so humble, so chaste ;  
 With sweetness enrich'd, and with modesty grac'd.  
 Though it crept quite obscurely along by the ground,  
 And seem'd to be lost in the foliage around,  
 Yet its scent show'd the place of its lowly retreat ;  
 Then, pausing and ling'ring awhile near its seat,  
 I beheld, 'mongst the leaves, the sweet floweret grow,  
 But, timid and shy, 'twas concealed below.  
 Bloom on, little flower ! may all who pass by,  
 Thy beauties admire, though so fearful and shy ;  
 From thy sweet example may wisdom be gain'd ;  
 Let no harsh hand molest thee, till, perfectly train'd  
 Thy owner shall raise thee, transplanted on high,  
 To deck his large garden above in the sky.  
 And shall I depart—yet leave all behind ?  
 Permission to pluck, and still none to my mind !  
 Here the fresh *Polyanthus* and *Snowdrop* remain ;  
 But the latter is cold, and the former is plain.

I was leaving the garden, almost in despair,  
 Yet once more turned round to a prospect so fair ;  
 When a *Lily*, just opening, attracted my eye,—  
 I was caught in a moment, and scarcely knew why.  
 I stopp'd, and gaz'd wistfully—then turn'd again :  
 Ah me ! should I leave thee, I'd leave thee with pain.  
 Thy leaves with the whiteness of innocence glow :  
 Sure never more spotless the mantle of snow.  
 The dew of thy youth is like sparkling gem,  
 Each drop like a pearl on the rich diadem.  
 Fair flower ! if one of the valley thou be,  
 None would be so precious, so prized by me ;  
 If thy root draws its sap from the great living stream,  
 If thou lovest to bask in the heavenly beam,  
 If thou with the Rose of Sharon dost grow,  
 If the perfume of holiness from thee doth flow,  
 Then chief of the flowers of the garden art thou,  
 And wilt prove a real blessing to me, even now.  
 Then I'll take thee, fair Lily, to bloom in my heart,  
 And no time shall us sever, nor death bid us part.

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### DEPARTED FRIENDS.

WHAT mingl'd emotions, what sympathies blend  
 In the look, and the voice, and the thoughts of a friend ;  
 Like the hues of the rainbow resplendent and gay :  
 But ah ! like the rainbow, how briefly they stay.  
 Our fathers—where are they ? our friends—they are gone,  
 Like the dewdrops that spangled the pathway at dawn.  
 We knew them, we lov'd them, we saw them depart,  
 And keen was the anguish that wounded our heart.  
 Now low in the chambers of dust they repose,  
 The wild wind sweeps o'er them, and wails as it goes ;  
 The eye that beheld them bedews with its tears,  
 And the hand of affection their monument rears.

The tablet of friendship, more sacred than art—  
 Inscribed not on marble, but deep on the heart—  
 Their names, and their worth, and their memory records,  
 In a language its own, in unspeakable words.

O, friendship ! how sacred, how lovely thy bloom ;  
 And thou shalt still flourish, and wave o'er the tomb :  
 Though wither'd thy leaf, yet thy root shall revive,  
 And, in Paradise planted, immortally thrive.

My comrades in warfare, companions below,  
 We meet and we part in the vale as we go ;  
 But when yon mount Zion our footsteps attain,  
 We shall meet, and shall greet, but we part not again.

For the dewdrops, that sparkled so fair to the eye,  
 Caught up by the sunbeam, are wafted on high ;  
 So we and our kindred in Christ shall ascend  
 To the presence of God, our unchangeable friend.

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### REVIVAL HYMN.

REVIVE thy work, O Lord,  
 And pour thy spirit down ;  
 Let the sharp arrows of thy word  
 Transpierce the hearts of stone.

Ride in thy prosperous car,  
 Regain the nations lost ;  
 Let thy right hand conduct the war,  
 Let vict'ry crown thy host.

Thy fainting saints revive,  
 Awaken them that sleep ;  
 Make the dry bones arise and live,  
 And comfort those that weep.

I see the tramp'd field,  
 Throng'd with the heaps of slain ;  
 Though dead in sin, thy power reveal'd,  
 Shall make them live again.

Come, O ye winds of heaven,  
 Breathe o'er this vale of death ;  
 Let the good Spirit, largely given,  
 Fill all with praying breath.

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### THE BARREN FIG-TREE.

SEE how the fruitless fig-tree stands,  
 Beneath the owner's frown ;  
 The axe is lifted in his hands,  
 To cut the cumberer down.

"Year after year I come," he cries,  
 "And yet no fruit is shown ;  
 Nothing but empty leaves appear :  
 Then cut the cumberer down.

"The axe of death, at one sharp stroke,  
 Shall make my justice known ;  
 Each tree shall tremble at the shock  
 Which cuts the cumberer down."

"O spare awhile !" the dresser cries,  
 "And make thy pity known ;  
 Then, if it still thy grace despise,  
 Then cut the cumberer down.

"'Tis true, in barrenness and pride  
 The fig-tree long has grown ;  
 But let all means this year be tried :  
 Cut not the cumberer down.

“Perhaps, another blooming spring,  
 Some fruit may yet be shown :  
 Angels will then thy goodness sing,  
 Which would not cut it down.

“If barren still,—this tree shall lie  
 All withering in thy frown ;  
 For death’s keen axe shall not pass by,  
 But strike the cumberer down.”

Sinner, beware ! the hand of death  
 Is raised and aimed at thee ;  
 Awhile thy Maker spares thy breath,—  
 Beware ! O barren tree.

If heedless still, when Jesus calls,  
 Then comes the deadly aim ;  
 He smites, and then thy spirit falls  
 To hell’s eternal flame.

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### ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

OUR eyes are dry, the tears are wip’d away  
 Which lately o’er departing worth we shed ;  
 Yet, memory oft recalls the painful day,  
 And longs to commune with the happy dead.

I saw the house where W—— once abode ;  
 His seat was vacant, and his form was gone :  
 That morn around the throne of grace we bow’d,  
 But W—— bow’d before the brighter throne.

Kindest of friends, forgive our strong desire  
 To hold thy rising spirit chained below ;  
 Forgive the sorrows of thy aged sire,  
 The tender griefs thy weeping sisters know.

Thy hour was come ; hark ! 'tis the bridegroom's cry ;  
 Thy failing veil of flesh rent gently down :  
 For thee to live was Christ, 'tis gain to die ;  
 Mount, ransom'd spirit, and receive thy crown.

He heard the voice, obedient, calm, resign'd,  
 No anguish racked his soul, no anxious fear ;  
 A strong assurance filled his peaceful mind  
 That death was conquer'd, and that heaven was near.

Ah ! still I hear the victor christian say,  
 "I'm happy !" whisp'ring with his latest breath ;  
 Ah ! still I see that smile triumphant play  
 O'er his sweet features, in the arms of death.

Majestic, thus, did Israel pass the flood,  
 When Horeb's fears and Marah's griefs were o'er ;  
 The wond'rous ark before the billows stood,  
 And kept the guarded passage to the shore.

Still as a stone was every envious foe,  
 Nor durst the ransom'd tribes of God molest ;  
 And e'en the treacherous prophet wished to go,  
 Like them secure, and with the righteous rest.

But Zion mourns,—“ My sons,” she cries, “ are slain ;  
 My firstborn sons, the children of my vow ;  
 Shall death's destroying angel rage again ;  
 Not Egypt smiting, but thine Israel now ?”

Peace, lovely mourner ; see that paschal blood  
 Of God's own Lamb hath wash'd their stains away ;  
 White are their robes before the throne of God,  
 Whose watchful angels guard their sleeping clay.

The patriarch thus bewail'd his Joseph gone,  
 Nor knew the wond'rous plan by Heaven design'd;  
 His absent son, exalted near the throne,  
 Bul'd like a prince, and like a monarch shin'd.

The day shall come, that great revealing day,  
 When God's dark footsteps all shall blaze with light;  
 With one loud voice shall ransom'd myriads say,  
 "Thy ways, O King of saints, are just and right."

Among these countless happy souls shall meet,  
 (Though parted once by death's severe demand)  
 The sire, the son, the wife, the husband greet,  
 And friends and brothers press the lov'd right hand.

Awake! my soul, the Master's feet are near;  
 Gird up thy loins—thy powers for him employ;  
 Though friends departed claim the hallow'd tear,  
 Yet friends restor'd shall smile eternal joy.

---

### THE LAND ABOVE.

THERE is a shore which tempests visit not,  
 A sea of glass, for ever calm, o'er which  
 The skies are ever bright, nor low'ring clouds  
 Of sorrow darken. There's a Paradise  
 In which no serpent wreathes his hideous form,  
 Nor shoots his sting. No dragon's fiery breath  
 Blights the young bloom of joy. A mount of God,  
 Free from the storms of sin, and pain, and grief,  
 On which the ransom'd walk, array'd in white,  
 Companions of their Lord, adorn'd with crowns  
 Unfading,—palms that wither not, and harps  
 Tuned to the melodies of heaven.

As I may never more behold thy face,  
 In this uncertain, shadowy state of things,  
 Oh ! may we meet on that immortal shore  
 Where all the good in ancient times do meet,  
 And saints more lately gone, and saints now here ;  
 The assembled worth of ages long gone by,  
 The present and the future, shall possess  
 Felicities supreme.

Our life is like the vapours  
 Driven by fierce winds, and dissipated wide.  
 For, as the kindred waters of the clouds,  
 Cast in the scatter'd drops of falling rain,  
 Some on the meadows' soft and verdant turf,  
 Some on the gardens' cultivated plots,  
 Some on the bare and lonely wilderness,  
 Thence gliding through the subterranean paths,  
 And bursting forth to light in various springs,  
 Trickling in divers murmuring rivulets,  
 They flow by different rivers, nor again  
 Combine through all the course, until at length  
 In one vast ocean mingling, they unite  
 With thousands more, a wondrous union,  
 Magnificent and vast : so all the souls,  
 Imbued with Heav'n's own spirit—now dispers'd  
 Through life's vicissitudes—shall meet again.

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## LOOKS.

THERE's a language that's mute, there's a silence that speaks,  
 There's something that cannot be told ;  
 There are words which can only be read on the cheeks,  
 And thoughts but the eyes can unfold.



There's a look so expressive, so timid, so kind,  
 So ready, so quick to impart ;  
 Though dumb, in an instant it speaks out the mind,  
 And strikes in an instant the heart.

This eloquent silence, this converse of soul,  
 In vain we attempt to suppress ;  
 More prompt it appears at the wish of control,  
 More apt the fond truth to express.

And oh ! the delights in the features that shine,  
 The rapture our bosom doth melt,  
 When, blest with each other, this converse divine  
 Is mutually spoken and felt.

### THE FAREWELL OF CYRUS TO ABRADATES.

After a great battle, Cyrus went to the spot where the body of his friend Abradates was lying, and his wife, Panthea, weeping beside the corpse of her fallen husband. Cyrus took hold of the hand of the dead, saying, "Alas ! thou brave and faithful soul ! Hast thou left us ? Art thou gone ?"

Alas ! brave and faithful soul !  
 Fled to a world unknown,  
 Deaf is thy ear to friendship's call,—  
 The friend, the friend is gone !  
 Weeping, I see that pallid brow ;  
 Thy dust is here,—but where art thou ?

Companions once on earth,  
 Our hopes, our wishes one,  
 We wept in grief, we smil'd in mirth,  
 My friend, my friend is gone !  
 I grasp the hand, oft press'd before,  
 The hand returns my grasp no more.

Spirit belov'd, again

Look through those closing eyes ;  
 One farewell word would ease my pain,  
 One farewell look suffice.  
 In vain : the world is all forgot,  
 The lov'd inhabitant is not.

Like Cyrus, thus we grieve

And weep o'er kindred dead :  
 Oh, happier far ! for we believe  
 In Christ, the living head,  
 Whose spirit brings their heavenly flight  
 And immortality to light.

They leave the dust behind,

Dissolving, mouldering here ;  
 Then, joyful, vigorous, unconfin'd,  
 Rise to a loftier sphere :  
 The great assembly of the blest  
 Receives them to eternal rest.

The living streams of bliss,

The paradise of God,  
 Immortal fruit on heavenly trees,  
 And a secure abode,  
 And palms, and harps, and crowns are theirs,  
 Of God the children and the heirs.

Oh, for a steadfast faith !

To look with piercing eye  
 Beyond this wilderness of death,  
 To realms where none can die :  
 Clearly to look on joys divine,  
 And surely to pronounce them mine.

Then fade, ye earthly charms,  
 Ye mortal joys, decay ;  
 O Death ! I'd slumber in thy arms,  
 To wake in heaven's own day :  
 On suns and stars I close my eyes,  
 To open in the eternal skies.

Ten thousand blessings rest  
 Upon that sacred head,  
 Which by the thorny crown was press'd,  
 And slumber'd with the dead,  
 Anointed now with shining bliss :  
 My life is now where Jesus is.

In one vast circle there  
 Shall friends immortal meet ;  
 (The more, the greater bliss they share)  
 They bow at Jesus' feet.  
 The nearer they his throne surround,  
 More close in holy friendship bound.

From distant times and lands,  
 They come, they come, they come :  
 With joyful hearts, with joining hands,  
 They greet each other home.  
 No foe is there, with treacherous heart :  
 No friend, for ever, shall depart.

### THE DEMON OF CRUELTY.

THE demon of Cruelty rose from his den,  
 To visit his kindred on earth ;  
 He knew he had cousins, with bodies like men,  
 Though hell was the place of his birth.

He spread out his dragon-wings, murky and wide,  
 The ether groan'd under his load ;  
 Along through immensity's desert he hied,  
 Till on Etna's hot summit he trod.

There meeting a fiend, on the watch for his prey,  
 The hydra saluted and said :  
 " I'm arriv'd on a visit to mankind to-day ;  
 Do you think my relations are dead ?"

" Oh no !" said the fiend, " there are sev'ral alive,  
 Whose visage resembles your face ;  
 And, to show their descent, they infernally strive  
 To plague all the rest of the race.

" Old Cain, your most ancient relation, is gone—  
 Long sunk by the blast of the curse ;  
 And the taskmaster, Pharaoh, has also gone down,  
 With his captains, and chariots, and horse.

" The monarch of Babylon, ages ago  
 Who terrified earth with his ire ;  
 And Herod, and Nero, and thousands you know,  
 Mov'd hell as they enter'd its fire.

" Yet the tribe through the nations of men is still spread ;  
 You may find them in every zone :  
 So much they resemble yourself, as I said,  
 That your kindred are easily known.

" In the Isles of the West, where the negroes still groan,  
 Your cousins the taskmasters dwell ;  
 So num'rous, so rich, they are able alone  
 To support you for ages, quite well.

“In Italy, too, and still more in old Spain,  
 The Inquisitors have their abode ;  
 In the caves of their darkness, the tortur'd and slain  
 Are offer'd to Moloch, their god.

“On the eleventh of October, I happen'd to land  
 In a realm call'd the land of the brave ;  
 I scarcely expected, 'mongst Albion's band,  
 To find either tyrant or slave.

“But, wheeling my flight o'er the populous plains,  
 Where Lancashire weaves at her loom,  
 The groans of a wretch, in the midst of his pains,  
 I perceived did from ———— come.

“A dungeon I saw, as that village I pass'd,  
 Most gloomy, and loathsome, and foul ;  
 ‘Ah ! here is the spirit of Hydra, at last,’  
 I said, and I laughed in my soul.

“Then, Hydra, I'll tell you the way to pursue :  
 Your course straight to Albion steer ;  
 And, as soon as old ————'s village you view,  
 You will see you have cousins live there.”

---

## A NEW SONG,

*Composed for the Musical Festival at Manchester, 1836.*

**YE** people of Manchester, hear and be wise,  
 Let Babel's confusion astonish your eyes :  
 Behold the huge placards affix'd to the wall,  
 With “Creation,” “Messiah,” “Last Judgment,” and “Ball!”

The musical festival now is at hand ;  
 Performers engaged are the first in the land :  
 For the grave and the gay—for the great and the small—  
 With “Creation,” “Messiah,” “Last Judgment,” and “Ball !”

The chiefs of the people their patronage lend,  
 And merchants, and tradesmen, and citizens blend ;  
 When the sackbut shall sound, to the image they fall,  
 With “Creation,” “Messiah,” “Last Judgment,” and “Ball !”

The *Church* and the *Playhouse* in marriage unite ;  
 The banns are well publish’d—and who doubts their right ?  
 The people will surely be prompt at the call,  
 With “Creation,” “Messiah,” “Last Judgment,” and “Ball !”

Let the Whig and the Tory in harmony meet ;  
 Professors and Infidels joyfully greet ;  
 For music can soothe the rough passions of all,  
 With “Creation,” “Messiah,” “Last Judgment,” and “Ball !”

Oh ! Christian, if godliness dwell in thy breast,  
 Bewail thy religion, disgraced and oppress’d ;  
 Canst thou tarry in Babel, in fetters and gall,  
 With “Creation,” “Messiah,” “Last Judgment,” and “Ball !”

Ye stern Nonconformists, whose fathers have bled,  
 Be warn’d by the counsels and dust of the dead :  
 Shall your presence encourage the sin and the thrall,  
 With “Creation,” “Messiah,” “Last Judgment,” and “Ball !”

Shall men the Creator and Saviour despise ?  
 Are the terrors of Judgment thus small in their eyes ?  
 Do they treat them as sports, and then finish the whole—  
 To crown the strange climax—a *Fancy Dress Ball* ?

But the day is at hand when creation must shake ;  
 When the hearts of the captains and mighty ones quake] ;  
 Messiah despis'd, shall ascend the white throne.  
 And the scoffers that mock'd Him in agony groan.

Then the trumpet of judgment *new* music shall pour,  
 More deep than the bass in the festival hour ;  
 And the shrieks of the damn'd, and their wailing shall swell,  
 A *concert* of woe everlasting in hell.

Creation abused, leaves a reck'ning in store ;  
 Messiah insulted, is gracious no more ;  
 And Judgment shall doom the ungodly to roll  
 In the *pit* of despair, as *their* Fancy Dress Ball.

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#### LINES WRITTEN IN A GRAVEYARD.

“*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do,*” &c.,—*Eccles. ix. 10.*

SHORT is the time of man below ;  
 Diseases, pains, and death  
 Attend our path where'er we go,  
 And waste our fleeting breath.

I've seen the infant lately born,  
 Like a young bud appear ;  
 But from its mother's breast 'twas torn,  
 And it lies buried here.

I've seen the youth, in gayest bloom,  
 Fresh as the opening flower :  
 That flower lies withering in the tomb,  
 While greedy worms devour.

I've seen the parent, like a tree  
 Full-grown, with branches wide :  
 The axe of death smote suddenly,  
 The parent droop'd and died.

So frail is man, in all his prime,  
 So short his mortal days :  
 Improve the wasting hours of time  
 To your Redeemer's praise.

Beyond the narrow stream of death  
 A boundless realm extends ;  
 Look forward, with a steadfast faith,  
 To life that never ends.

Sow now the seed you wish to reap  
 When time and ages cease ;  
 The soul's great charge with caution keep,  
 And thus be found in peace.

---

## H E A V E N .

LIFT up your wond'ring eyes,—  
 And view the glories shown  
 Beyond the lofty skies,  
 Around the shining throne ;  
 Ten thousand thousand spirits bright,  
 Clothed in the beams of purest light.

There holy angels dwell,  
 There glittering seraphs shine ;  
 Cherubs the anthem swell,  
 In lofty praise combine :  
 Myriads of saints, redeem'd from woe,  
 Strangers and pilgrims once below.



But now their pains are o'er,  
 Their tears are wip'd away,  
 Their griefs are felt no more,  
 Their night is turn'd to day.  
 Hark ! how the lofty song they raise,  
 And swell the notes from praise to praise.

Thousands from Europe come,  
 And join the glorious band ;  
 For Asia there is room,  
 Her millions there may stand ;  
 Let Ethiopia burst her chains,  
 And mount where endless freedom reigns.

Ye new-found realms afar,  
 That see the setting sun,  
 Or hail the evening star,  
 When dawn hath scarce begun ;  
 In burning climes or shivering poles,  
 Catch the sweet sonnet as it rolls.

“ Worthy art thou, the Lamb,  
 That wast for sinners slain.”  
 Let all thy grace proclaim ;  
 O'er all the nations reign ;  
 Take to thyself thy mighty power ;  
 Let earth submit, let heaven adore.

To thee the praise we bring,  
 To thee the homage pay ;  
 May we thy glories sing,  
 When all things here decay :  
 In thy blest work our days we'll spend,  
 Then join the songs which never end.

## H Y M N.

COULD I the joys of earth attain,  
 And call its honours all my own,  
 How poor the bliss, the prize how vain,  
 Depriv'd of Heaven's immortal crown.

Did I possess a throne of state,  
 Did princes prostrate round me fall;  
 How wretched still my endless fate,  
 Should I for ever lose my soul.

Go, then, ye strong, and boast your health;  
 Ye mighty, go and boast your power;  
 Clasp to your hearts, ye rich, your wealth,—  
 The fading triumphs of an hour.

But there's a mansion in the skies,  
 A bright inheritance divine:  
 My soul to that directs her eyes;  
 That glorious portion shall be mine.

Wash'd in the Lamb's atoning blood,  
 Adorn'd and purified by grace,  
 Soon shall I pass through Jordan's flood,  
 And reach my glorious resting-place.

## FOR MY OWN EPITAPH.

HERE lies a sinner, sav'd through boundless grace;  
 By Christ sustain'd, he ran the heavenly race:  
 Of Christ's atoning blood he lov'd to tell,  
 And warn the guilty soul to flee from hell.  
 Reader, thou oft hast heard the gospel call;  
 Should'st thou miss Heav'n—how deep must be thy fall!

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